# THE COMMONWEAL

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# THE BUSINESS OF CRIME

THAT popular nickname for a present condition, "the crime wave," is misleading. Popular nicknames frequently are; and when they are, it is harmful to clear thinking, for every such nickname brings with it a mental picture, and the mental picture is out of drawing. "Wave" implies a certain and natural subsidence. There is no wave. There is, however, a settled condition that first became noticeable in the moral disturbances which followed on the world war. It has grown, year by year, out of its early uncertainties until it has become a feature of American life which is as much a fact, and almost as much accepted, as any other feature. There is nothing about it, in 1930, that is sporadic, accidental or freakish. "It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us." Not only is it not a theory, but it is not a "sport," in the scientific sense of that word; in fact, it is like a bedfellow now.

Little things are significant; straws show the wind. No longer is the word "business" put in quotation marks when it is used to describe the criminal's occupation. More and more it is coming to be accepted, in the newspaper mind (which reflects the general mind), that the criminal's occupation is a business, in some such sense as selling groceries or running a bank is a business. One has only to look at the way in which the criminals regard themselves to see that this acceptance of a word is in accord with the general situation. It is not merely that crime is highly organized, but that it is a walk of life in which brains and special aptitude bring some men—Al Capone is an example—to the top, while less able men, or men less naturally fitted for success in their chosen calling, struggle ambitiously for further advancement.

Crime we have always had with us, from the beginnings. The third decade of the twentieth century, however, has brought us something new. In it crime has become, or is becoming, an issue; in a new sense, a problem. In the old sense, the problem was met by the establishment of courts and legal procedures to deal with it; so far as it was a problem, it was a problem of the individual. It is now becoming a general problem of society, in a sense in which it never before was.

The issue is whether crime, which is on its way to becoming an admitted business, shall become one or not. All the efforts to meet the issue, or to solve the problem, have been of no effect; the crime industry


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grows daily more settled, moves daily more into a regular orbit.

We are speaking, of course, of crime for gain, crime as a commercial enterprise. It is apparent that the processes of the law are no detriment to the crime merchants; they include the interference of policemen and judges in their calculations, but regard them only as an annoyance, not as a real danger. Those of them who become rich in their business—they are called "gang leaders," but some new word will have to be found for an occupation with such large ramifications and conducted on such a scale—have no fear of the law, except as a nuisance which they must plan to avoid where possible. The real danger, the danger which arouses them to anxiety and nervous activity and calls out all their powers of defense, is from rivals in their business. This it is which is responsible for their most spectacular deeds, such, for example, as the "Valentine Day Massacre" which too place in Chicago in 1929.

As crime has become more highly organized, and also as it has become more and more an accepted feature of life, it has reached out into newer and larger fields. The "barons"—a newspaper word which is coming to replace "gang leaders" as a description of Big Business in the crime industry—are coming, for instance, to extend the field of "protection." "Protection" used to mean blackmail paid by lawbreakers to policemen. In its new meaning, it is organized blackmail paid by merchants and corporations to criminal associations for immunity from violence in conducting their own commercial transactions. This is only a single instance; it could be multiplied.

Sending the criminals to jail, where that is done, has been shown to be no deterrent. They include that possibility in their estimates, as a legitimate business man includes weather conditions, for instance, in his. The "Secret Committee," Chicago's attempt to grapple with the crime lords through a pacific sort of vigilance committee, has been just as ineffective. It is not a case for vigilance committees; for the organizations that exist to promote the serious business of crime are ceasing to be local (by a natural enough process of development) and are becoming, by leaps and bounds, interstate organizations.

It is a new problem; for although in this country wars have been succeeded by a decade or so of moral confusion, this is the first time that the manifestation has been that of combining intelligent desperadoes into business organizations. In previous post-war sprees, the manifestations have ultimately been curbed and finally stopped by the arousal of public opinion; which in analysis means the revived supremacy of the general conscience. It was proved, in every case, that it was vain to devise ways and means of curing the debauch until conscience had resumed supremacy in the nation. That done, the ways and means for its effective suppression arose almost spontaneously.

## WEEK BY WEEK

WHILE certainly the cause of peace and disarmament is one that every sane person has a heartfelt interest in furthering, the modern world is of such a complex organization that even the most laudable ends must be attained only after consideration of the indirect effects of their attainment. The case in hand is the administration's announcement of its intent to reduce the personnel of the navy by 4,800 men. The reorganization and decommissioning of vessels is a highly technical matter, allegedly dictated by the terms of the London Naval Treaty, and unlike the discharge of the men, cannot be subject to question by other than specialists. In the case of the men, however, we wonder what the administration will do to put into practice its widely heralded admonitions to the country's employers that, at this time of business depression and unemployment, it is a patriotic duty to keep on the job those who are at present employed. For the administration to throw out of work such a large number of men who would have little prospect of finding new employment and who immediately would enter into competition with men now unemployed, would be not only inhumane, but also a flagrant betrayal of leadership; so we await with interest some further announcement which will reveal how the responsibilities of this leadership are being met.

Too Many Men

WITH unperturbed pace, deliberate speed, majestic instancy, the Wickersham Law Enforcement Commission continues its deliberations. It will soon hold the world's record for sustained flight without coming to earth, its rare contacts with our mundane sphere being limited to cryptic messages and promises of keeping going until exhausted. Mr. Wickersham has most recently admitted that the commission is still trying to decide what its investigations should cover on the subject of prohibition, and indicated that he and his ten colleagues would devote the greater part of their time from now until December to the prohibition question, bravely ending: "If prohibition proves unenforceable, this commission should say so." These incidents supply a rather melancholy commentary on the leadership by fact-finding experts that we were promised, and they are rather a sad reflection of a present obsession on that cuckoo's egg of prohibition that was laid in our basket of laws; an obsession further revealed in Chief Justice Hughes's recent report on the congestion in our federal courts, and the fact that of the 35,000 criminal cases there pending, 20,000 are prohibition cases. Those who retain a repugnance for murder, robbery and that new kind of blackmail called racketeering must feel the next thing to impatience with those prohibitionists who lack the basis of wisdom which Saint Augustine defined as considering all things in their right proportions

If Unenforceable

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THE public debate between Dean Inge and his wife on the subject of Christian marriage suggests the saying about a man's foes being those of his own household. We do not use "foes" in any invidious sense, for Mrs. Inge's position, as defined in her article in the Sunday Express, comes a great deal nearer to coinciding with our own beliefs than does her husband's, as defined in his recent book, Christian Ethics and Modern Problems. We merely cite the old proverb to express our sense of the dramatic situation which is created by the publication of Mrs. Inge's paper. The world at large is so impressed —or possibly so buffaloed—by her distinguished husband that it received without a murmur his plan for the general social and state recognition of two kinds of marriage, temporary and permanent. When the respectful silence is finally broken, it is broken by his wife's unequivocal statement in opposition. She does not mention her husband by name, but when she says that "there cannot be two types of Christian marriage," she does not need to. It is perhaps the most spectacular confrontation since John Wesley's mother refused to speak to John Wesley's father for twenty years because he did not accept the claims of the banished and papistical James. And it is a good deal more important.

Dean Inge's Challenger

BUT it is unfair to regard Mrs. Inge's paper as merely a challenge to her husband. It is a deeply Christian document, voicing with dignity, understanding and a moving sincerity the traditional ideal of marriage, on both its practical and its mystical side. "Marriage," she says, "signifies a great deal more than that two people should live together with the sanction of the state. It means, or should mean according to Christian concept, that two people have decided to weld together all the power for good that each possesses, and share this force with the whole world. . . . Christian opposition to divorce and to temporary unions has not been an arbitrary rule imposed for the purpose of making people unhappy. On the contrary, its championship of the indissolubility of marriage has been based on the idea of giving men and women innumerable chances of beautifying their union by achieving harmony and that contentment of mind and heart that enables them to develop to their capacity. . . . It would be tragic that people should feel that they could enter into marriage either as a cold-blooded or hot-headed contract, ignoring the spiritual values of the union. If our standards of honor are not maintained within the home, Christian character as a whole must deteriorate. The high ideals toward which we have been striving since the coming of Our Lord, not alone in marriage, but in our general conduct, private and public, must inevitably be lowered." We cannot honor too highly the strength of character which has preserved these convictions intact for their possessor under the peculiar difficulties which her situation suggests, nor the courage which prompts her to make them public. Her reward will come in their proportionate power for good.

IN THE midst of the tremendous world debate concerning Russia, there has occurred one event which has passed without notice in the press except for a few Catholic journals, yet it may well be that it was of far greater consequence to Russia, and to the world, than the great hubbub over the Soviet's dumping of wheat on the market abroad or its manipulations in the Chicago grain pit. It may affect the future much more profoundly than the success or the failure of the Soviet government's Five-Year Plan. We refer to the action taken by the Pope in decreeing that throughout the world the prayers after Mass, said by priests and people together, are in future to have for their main intention the salvation of Russia from the terrible evils now afflicting that unhappy country. The bishops and clergy and the laity have been called upon "to unite themselves most earnestly and intimately with this desire and injunction of the Sovereign Pontiff." The Ecclesiastical Review in its current number publishes the Pope's decree, so that our American clergy will now take action. Soon there will flow forth out of millions upon millions of souls a current of supplication. It will from now on never cease to throb and pulsate throughout the world, wherever and whenever low Mass is said, until its petition has been granted.

Prayer and Russia

THIS custom of united prayer after low Mass was instituted by Pope Leo XIII. Being the first Pope elected after the overthrow of the temporal power, and finding his direction of the universal Church gravely hampered by his lack of independence, he ordered that certain prayers should thenceforth be said by the clergy and the faithful after low Mass, mainly for the restoration of pontifical independence and the settlement of the Roman question. Pope after Pope followed Leo, each a "prisoner of the Vatican," each protesting against the lack of proper and necessary liberty of action as head of a supernational Church, and each in other ways doing what could be done to secure the restoration of the Church's rights. More than sixty years passed on. Always the prayers after Mass were raised for the Church's liberty, though the vast majority of Catholics no longer consciously remembered for what purpose the dynamo of spiritual power had been set going. The Roman question seemed to have become insoluble. Yet it was solved. It has been abolished. And now the dynamo is set, so to speak, in a new direction. Its mighty current will flow for the accomplishment of another great desire of the Church: "that the persecuted children of Russia may have peace and freedom of worship." Whether the prayers are said by the Pope himself and those present at his daily Mass in the palace of the Vatican, or

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whether they are said by a humble priest in Africa, Haiti or in the slums of New York or New York's cathedral: everywhere throughout the world, at almost every minute, Mass is being said, and will continue to be said, and the prayers will follow for Russia. Sacrifice and prayer are the chief instruments of religion, and because the Church relies upon them first, foremost, and always, her victories are assured. Bitter and painful may be her temporal defeats; years and centuries may pass in apparent frustration of her work; but the triumphs come at last; the work finally is done.

Conditions to a Sacrament

THERE was something a little less than laudable in the recent enterprise of the Italian press and certain Roman correspondents of the American press which reported rumors and counter-rumors and inspired revelations about the special dispensations being arranged in the Vatican to cover the marriage of Princess Giovanna of Italy and King Boris of Bulgaria. An impression was somehow created in the popular mind that, to use an expressive journalese phrase, the hand of the Pope was being forced. Those who had a hazy idea about such matters, suggested knowingly that this was just another case of persons with influence being able to obtain irregular and special favors. When truth finally caught up with rumor, what was revealed? Simply that the position of the Church was clear and unchanged. The situation had not been settled by any unusual action by the Pontiff, but by canon law, which, on the condition of the Catholic education of any children born to the couple, allowed no possibility of exception. While the incident admirably illustrates the steadfastness of the Church, which is often bewildering to outsiders because they see it from the differences and hurrying changes of their points of view, and project their confusions as discoveries, it also illustrates admirably the Church's attitude toward marriage. Whether princess and king, or bobbed-haired girl and green young man, the Church does not hastily join them, but seeing them assume the responsibilities of continuing the race, dignifies the importance of their mission with a sacrament.

Honor to Israel

WE DO not know whether the Jews of Frankfort-on-the-Main would take it kindly to be called good Christians, but we are at least sure that their recent example is in conformity with the loftiest Christian counsels. News despatches tell us that, during the Yom Kippur services just concluded, a group of nationalists of the historic German city—members of the Stahlhelm, a fire-eating and intensely anti-Semitic organization—fell foul of a group of Communists. The latter, over a hundred strong to the formers' forty odd, enjoyed the good fortune that attends the heavier battalions throughout military history. The nationalists broke ranks and fled for sanctuary to the nearest open building; and the victors, perceiving that building to be a synagogue, forbore to pursue. They supposed, no doubt, that the work they had so well begun would be finished even better, and ranging themselves in easy attitudes outside, they waited for the fun to begin. But the schedule went wrong. The sexton of the synagogue detached himself from his devotions to shepherd the forty into a small inner room where they would be safe, and then telephoned for the riot squad. The congregation presumably went on with the atonement services; at any rate, there is no record of their protesting or interfering. Presently the police arrived and scattered the encompassing foe, and the Stahlhelm marched forth from sanctuary, free and unhurt. The quality of mercy is not strained.

Shall It Be Dreiser?

THE disconcerting report comes from Stockholm that Theodore Dreiser is being prominently mentioned as a possible winner of this year's Nobel prize in literature. While admitting a certain turgid, dogged impressiveness in Mr. Dreiser's work, most normal-minded Americans must regard with nothing less than horror the idea of the epitome of our literary expression being pointed out as stories of the struggles of a bell-boy who commits murder, the unrelieved misfortunes of weak women and the arrogance and unpleasantness of virtuous ones. Of course, Mr. Dreiser occasionally lets a normal, decent character flicker for awhile in his tales, but only so rarely and palely that such characters reflect little on the total impression. While our attiude toward Mr. Dreiser is one that familiarly excites the barnyard realists to cries of "Philistin! A bas le Philistin!", we cannot help expressing a liking for the realism of pleasant front yards, and quiet homes, courageous men and women, and some cultured ones. While there are many things in American life we could wish improved, still we are not so annoyed by them that we could wish Mr. Dreiser success, or applaud the bestowal upon him of so notable a distinction as the Nobel prize.

Distinguished Service

WHAT paradox is this!—a modest candidate for political office has been found. That in itself is marvelous. Then to triplicate the complication, his name is Reilly. True, his first name is Harold, but he lived that down definitely at Viestraat Ridge, Belgium, when with some others he crossed an exposed terrain under fire to bring water and rations to his company—Company C, 105th Infantry, Twenty-seventh Division. Cited for gallantry for this, within the month he was cited again when he was shot while aiding a wounded comrade. Recently tendered the Distinguished Service Medal, he requested that, "as I don't want to capitalize on my war record," the conferring of the medal be deferred until after he has finished running for the nice, safe peacetime job of sheriff of Hackensack, New Jersey.

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THERE is no page of American history, we believe, more interesting and exciting than the exploits of the early Catholic missionaries. The high motives of these men, their heroism, and their enterprise, as well as their rich simplicity, make their records the best reading we have about the primitive wildernesses of our continent and the Indians. This is recalled to us by the recent unveiling of a statute to the Franciscan Father Hennepin in Minneapolis, on that city's main arterial highway, Hennepin Avenue. The project of honoring Father Hennepin, discoverer of St. Anthony Falls, and companion of La Salle on some of the latter's most famous adventures, was conceived and executed by the Knights of Columbus of Minnesota in commemoration of the 250th anniversary of the Father's coming to Minnesota. He was the first white man to enter what are now the limits of Minneapolis. Prince Albert de Ligne, present ambassador to America from the country from which the humble missionary friar came, delivered the principal address at the civic ceremony. Bishop Kelley pontificated at the dedicatory Mass. The statue of Father Hennepin in the habit of a Franciscan and holding aloft a crucifix, is not only a fine testimonial to the spirit of the missionary, but also to those men in our generation who do not let that spirit go unrecognized.

Father Hennepin

THE curious fashion in which life runs counter to the probabilities in so many ways, was again borne in upon us with the announcement of the première in Berlin of Ambassador Paul Claudel's drama, Christopher Columbus. Besides the strangeness of the French poet's finding his first audience in Germany, which we know is readily explained, and which in no way do we wish to imply is unfitting, there were in the production additional matters for wonder. The author—sharing Tolstoi's and some others' sense of the incongruous behavior of actors forced to sing in conventional opera, yet desiring for the great theme he was presenting the magic, the evocations of music—solved his problem by the use of orchestral accompaniments to lines spoken or chanted by the actors, orchestral comments on the inarticulate emotions of the principals when the drama is tensely silent, and at other times the articulate comments of choruses. Not satisfied with his ventures upon new worlds of musical effect, Mr. Claudel sought new scenic effects. His narrative being one which he could not force into the small compass of the dramatic unities, he resorted to a device, the idea of which he has described in the current Yale Review:

New Adventures of Columbus

"IN A musical drama whose characteristic is the transformation, under the action of time, of disconnected events into one melodic line, why should we admit immobile scenery? Why not let the images suggested by poetry and sound be exhaled like smoke and be caught for a moment on a screen, gradually to disappear and give place to other visions? Why, in a word, not make use of the cinema? . . . Why not use the screen as a magic glass in which all sorts of images and of suggestions, more or less dim in outline, may pass, move, join or part? Why not open the door of that indistinct world where ideas are born from sensations and where the phantom of the future mingles with the ghost of the past? For the expression of the finest nuances of feeling, memory and thought, why not utilize the infinitely subtle harmony of shadows? Movements, values, clusters of forms and appearances continually decomposed and recomposed, this is all the cinema and it is also all music. It seems to me, therefore, that these two arts are naturally destined to contract an alliance, the formula for which America, better than any other country, might help the artist to discover."

THAT publishers and sellers of books have not always enjoyed complete immunity from the microbes of depression is, of course, more than natural. Even so the major ills which now afflict them may be said to have been poisoning their organisms long before last November, though the virulence happens to be more evident just now. Take for instance the matter of cheap books. It has always been sensible and profitable to sell reprints at a low price; in no other way could the life of a book be prolonged so indefinitely and the popular audience for good literature be expanded so far. But new books to sell at a dollar—or even fifty cents—simply had no place in the business scheme of things, even if the publisher might regard them as tributaries to advertising power. This fact is now plain once again. The trade reports that book sellers are profoundly hostile to the idea, that publishers who failed to succumb to its charms are smiling all over, and that its protagonists are thinking hard. Meanwhile another ill is prominent. Well-substantiated rumor has it that Mr. Hearst, through his trusty agent, Mr. George Doran, is buying up prosperous authors through a plan which ensures book publication, magazine serialization, eventual reprinting in a chain of newspapers and valuable movie contracts. This business of supercompetition may be legitimate but the effect upon other publishers must be obvious. Firms which have spent a great deal of money promoting the work of their best-selling authors normally regard them as property assets. To behold them gobbled up in one fell swoop can be neither pleasant nor encouraging. But—and this is the sad truth—there have been other gobblers-up, and the sin if it be one is not new. It is possible, moreover, that this threat to the smaller publisher of more individual tastes will be limited by the moving-picture link. We vaguely recall something about the mentalities of twelve-year-olds as the standard of movies producers, which would leave ample room for producers of books for adults.

Quandaries of Book Buyers

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## SOUTH AMERICAN CULTURE

IN VIEW of the present newsmaking activities of our southern neighbors, there is particular interest in a rumor that some publishing house is translating into English Hugo Wast's fine series of novels based on the history and customs of Argentina, from the discovery and first settlement, through the War of Independence: the gaucho life of the high plains and the genesis of revolutions up to the gradual transition from limitless cattle range to ranch, the passing of the free gaucho and the growth of labor and the city labor unions. Alert and gay, abounding in humor, with great descriptive power, it is safe to prophesy that Hugo Wast will be a decided success here, provided his best sellers in Argentina are better translated than is usually the case with us. It is not at all a hack translator's work. They will find favor not only with all readers of good yarns but also with serious students of South American civilization and culture. It will be only a very first class knowledge of both languages that can turn them into English without fear of loss in the operation.

It is quite possible to translate into English the dignity and poetry of the best Spanish writing without the stuffiness which is usually produced by the well-meaning hack. Possibly it takes more than a knowledge of English as well as Spanish. Perhaps what is needed is that special thing that only Ireland produces in English. Thomas Walsh could have done it to perfection. He had in high degree that Celtic poetry in perfect English that we mean: he was one in both languages, and his rôle, before he died, would have been to give us that wealth of golden literature of the Spanish tongue.

Lord Dunsany could do it. Donn Byrne had the gift. And, to judge from The Flying Cromlech, so could Hugh de Blacam do it, or from another angle, The Bridge of San Luis Rey shows that Thornton Wilder might. W. H. Hudson's work stands alone for perfect comprehension of the field and perfect reproduction in a language alien to its whole spirit.

If anyone is working seriously on Hugo Wast's cycle, why should publishers not go further, and include in one edition the many South American and Central American authors covering the same historical and cultural plane among other peoples of the Latin continent?

Why not, for instance Salome Jil (José Milla) in his Guatemalan historical portraits, from the first mediaeval tournament in armor on American soil, through the tragedy of la Sinventura, the tragic lady of Pedro Alvarado (The Fair God of Lew Wallace), the adventures of the half-Spanish son of Sir Francis Drake, the destruction by fire and flood of Guatemala the Chivalrous? Or Cirilo Villaverde's Cecilia Valdes, that vivid romance of Havana in 1830, and the tragedy of slavery?

Why not add Romulo Gallegos's Doña Barbara, that shrewd and ruthless tragic product of the cattle ranges of the Venezuelan upper Orinoco branch valleys? Or that characteristic and typical Colombian lyric, María, of Jorge Isaacs, over which it is still etiquette to weep softly, though absolutely nothing "happens" in the whole book. It is pure sentiment and description. That would have to be handled carefully and delicately as would also Don José Milla's somewhat archaic style; but it could be, and it is well worth somebody's doing.

Each one of these examples, and a whole rich South American literature besides, is peculiar to the particular soil from which it sprang. Not even the local terminology for usual daily things is the same from people to people of the southern continent, whether by infiltrations from the Indian communities in which the colonists settled, or because of intrinsic differences in the early colonists themselves, whether of inscrutable Basque or hardy, rude Catalonian origin, Gothic Castilian, austere Aragonese or soft, passionate, half-Moorish Andalusian.

It would be interesting to trace from this growing literature, from which most of us are now barred, the fundamental differences of the two great American continental cultures, North and South—truly essential differences, though in the South they have aspired to those outward political forms which seemed good to us. Those differences go to the very root of our relations, even when they concern very similar things on both continents. Nothing (by way of passing example) could be further apart than the Argentinian gaucho, the Venezuelan llanero and the North American cowboy, although all engaged in the same business of following vast hordes of semi-wild cattle on continent-wide plains and through desert mountains. The seeming similarities blind us, in business as in diplomacy. Our diplomats and consuls have rarely known quite how to deal with the No Pernaletes and the Mujiquitas of Doña Barbara, whether as *jefe politico, jefe civil,* provincial judge or territorial cacique.

Because we have not known how to understand them, our relations have become difficult and frequently embittered when their acts affected our citizens, and instead of translating and reading in good English what their own people say about them (since it is too much to ask that we read Spanish or Portuguese!), we fall into the way of conducting our diplomacy through the Marine Corps in the smaller capitals and nod gravely but without understanding before the same fundamental differences in the great peoples of the southern hemisphere.

In the way of literary pleasure and cultural—perhaps even political—profit one could hardly do anything more valuable than to produce an edition of South American literature in first-class translation. Incidentally it would be most helpful in many ways to North American Catholics, for there is none of these stories that is not laid against a Catholic background.

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# SPANISH-AMERICAN REVOLUTIONS

By E. R. PINEDA

WITHIN a few weeks recently the American public was startled, perhaps puzzled too, by a number of revolutions sweeping through South America like a forest fire. First an uprising broke out in Bolivia. Peru somehow caught the fever next, then Argentina—stable, progressive Argentine, of all countries—was visited by the epidemic, and next came troubles in Cuba and Brazil.

Whether this strange occurrence was a mere coincidence, or whether the explanation is to be sought in the present economic depression throughout the world, it is difficult to tell at present. Possibly the economic situation was a contributing factor. It may be too that, there being already a predisposition toward revolution in all these countries, the example of one appealed to the quick, imitative temperament of Latins, with the consequent results. Whatever the particulars of each case, some general conclusions can perhaps be drawn as to the nature of the upheavals, even if we make allowance for the fact that it may be too soon to have a complete and accurate report of what actually took place.

Doubtless many an American has wondered what these revolutions really are. Are they bad, are they desirable, are they merely crazy? One is reminded of the story told of Cardinal Newman. Some dry enthusiast had sent him a tract full of statistics about the saloons of Edinburgh. His Eminence thanked the reformer for the pamphlet, but added that, not having given the matter sufficient thought, he was unable to tell from the statistics whether there were in Edinburgh too many saloons or too few. Before passing judgment on Latin-American revolutions it would be well to devote some thoughtful consideration to the matter. The question is important, nor is it purely academic, as the Graces, the Guggenheims and others would bear me out. The large investments of American capital in Spanish America are always directly or indirectly affected by the revolutions.

Even from a cursory reading of the press reports, one could have found something of what the three revolts or revolutions had in common. First, the number of dead during the fighting was not much larger than during the recent elections in Chicago, and certainly much smaller if we bear in mind that in the case of the turbulent Spanish-American republics the issues seemed to be national, rather than local. Secondly, the active participants were comparatively few, mostly the students of the capital city and one or two regiments of troops. Last there were apparently no sweeping revolutionary changes, no radical reorganization (or disorganization) of society.

Would it be proper then to describe these events as revolutions? In English we generally mean by "revolution" a social upheaval which changes the general character of the social structure of the country, like the French Revolution or the Russian. In the case instant there is nothing of the kind to all seeming.

We can best understand these coups by examining briefly the social organization of Latin-American countries with reference to the environment, the ethnic stocks, the historical tradition and what sociologists call the "mores," the outlook on life, limiting, of course, the present inquiry, for want of space, to the direct bearing of these factors upon the political life of the southern republics.

First of all, the geographic environment of most Latin-American countries is unfavorable. Because of their tropical or subtropical location, the climate is hot, enervating, unhealthy. The mountainous nature of the land for the most part leaves few large plains suitable for tilling. Surface water and inland navigation are scarce. In national life these conditions are translated into retarded economic development, insufficient agricultural production, lack of communications resulting in isolation and petty regionalism, on which revolutions thrive. There are always large portions of the population who have little to lose and everything to gain, being thus ready to espouse any revolution, which is to them what Wall Street is to many Americans—a short and easy avenue to wealth. Argentina, to be sure, is an exception. There the climate is milder, while her large plains have made agricultural development possible.

The racial composition of the population provides also an element of unrest. With the exception of Argentina and one or two other countries which are now inhabited almost wholly by Europeans, there are practically three castes, sociologically, if not anthropologically, speaking: the creoles, of pure or nearly pure Spanish blood; the Indians; and the halfbreeds or mestizos who are the product of the intermarriage or, rather the union, of both races.

Thanks to their connections and their superior mentality, the creoles have maintained a position of leadership in society, which, however, has always been threatened on account of their qualities and defects. Uncompromising and individualistic, they find it difficult to get together and hence are unable to organize political parties. Because of their dominating character, their generosity and quixotic quality, their conduct has little connection with reality. They are interested in absolute justice and nothing short of it, a quality which makes them, as the opposition, non-cooperating and irreconcilable. As the administration, they care less for policy than for absolute respect and obedience to the exalted authorities, who, as such, are never wrong and can never admit error. If a political

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issue is brought home to them, they are more likely to decide it directly, dramatically, than with reference to expediency or to economic considerations.

At the bottom of the social scale stands the Indian —quite different, by the way, from the American Indian both physically and mentally. He is usually of smaller stature, of lighter build and more delicate features, with a swarthy complexion, sallow rather than reddish. Almost diametrically opposed to the creole, he is unemotional, frugal, docile and passive, often a veritable Scot for thrift. His ignorance and superstition pass all understanding.

The halfbreeds occupy a middle position in society. A strange product indeed! Not devoid of the attractiveness and wit of the Spaniard, without his tenacity or the Indian's frugality or thrift, the halfbreed is for the most part an inharmonious product from the point of view of sociology at least, if not also from that of biology, with the virtues of neither race and the vices of both. If there is a revolution, he will probably join it. What has he to lose when he spends more than he earns? The revolution will afford him excitement as well as a chance to see something of the country and to satiate his insatiable baser appetites. In the country he bears up a little better. In the large cities he is the most vicious and thievish of bipeds, but he can be as brave as his Spanish (or Moorish) ancestor and quite as stoic and fatalistic.

The interplay of these racial elements, as organized at present, brings about a condition of constant unstable equilibrium. The creole and the halfbreed prey on the Indian, who usually has no special protection. Hence friction and discontent which may flare up in political life. On the other hand, the passivity and low intelligence and standards of the Indian make it possible at any time to recruit an army of soldiers like the Light Brigade:

> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do and die.

Nor does the dominant nature of the creoles act as a soothing syrup in this connection. If the Indian has the vote, as in Mexico, it becomes the simplest matter to defeat or to forge his ballot and thus he plays the paradoxical rôle in society of the innocent victim in private life and the equally innocent oppressor in public life. King Log is also King Stork.

The historical tradition constitutes at once a disturbing and a stabilizing force. The colonial government in Spanish America was a highly centralized, appointive system. Moreover, the highest colonial functionaries were Spanish born, being thus supposed to be more loyal to Spain than the creoles and consequently less likely to rise against the home government. Accordingly, when our countries became independent they had had no democratic tradition, while the leaders, creoles for the most part, lacked both preparation for, and experience in, public life. Dazzled or dazed by the French Revolution and the example of the United States, they devised for us institutions patterned after models for which we had no social or psychological foundations. The result was a series of kaleidoscopic revolts and counter-revolts. A faction would come into office it if had the power to do so, and would leave when it lost it. The "mores" in time reflected this condition and a new system of political theory developed—a ruthless philosophy of force. As politics became a matter of the intrigues and machinations of cliques, the people grew more and more apathetic to politics: the lower classes, through ignorance and lack of touch with the leaders; other elements of society because they came to realize that it was all a game of the politicians in which they stood to win little and possibly to lose much. Happily this apathy acted as a social sedative, for an active public opinion under these conditions would have been worse than disturbing. To this day, it is the students who are most active in politics. They have the intelligence and knowledge to grasp something of what is going on, the idealism of youth at the same time and very little else to lose.

Our individualism and lack of the herd instinct, as has been pointed out, prevent us from forming political parties strictly speaking. The army, therefore, is the only public organization we have. Hence its decisive influence in political life and the explanation of our military rulers. Nature abhors a vacuum. The army comes in to supply our want of political organization, acting as a sort of party which gives its candidate the desired majority or splits, forming a militant minority that holds the casting vote.

Rotten politics drives out men of good families. So it has been in Latin America, except that now and then our strong egotism prompts some distinguished man to cry, paraphrasing Patrick Henry, "Give me office or give me death!" Our rulers for the most part are halfbreeds who have little to lose and the world to win, and a remarkable race of men they are in a way. Unlike the creoles, they are not quixotic or visionary, but practical, matter-of-fact people with that strange astuteness so peculiar to the simple savage, probably derived from the subject race. In a broader sense, however, they are very stupid, shallow, unable to understand the interrelation of things, and limited in their vision.

These men come into power through their shrewdness partly, since our want of organization makes it possible for a daring minority leader to get the upper hand. Partly, too, they are the creatures of the moment. When the people tire of the previous tyrant, they are ready to acclaim anyone who steps into the breach. A new broom sweeps clean. Upon taking office, they correct the glaring abuses of their predecessors, but they reform little else, for first of all their narrow outlook and limited intelligence prevent them from understanding the fundamental problems of the country, which, by the way, would tax the ingenuity of the greatest statesman.

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Soon after the first burst of house-cleaning, the sociological reality asserts itself. The support of the incoming ruler is rather the passive acquiescence of the many. His authority is derived from the passivity of the Indians, from the regionalism of the home gang, from our strong family life and the sense of personal loyalty of Spaniards. The president-soldier realizes that his tenure of office is precarious. He must protect himself (and his family) against the time when he shall have to go into exile on leaving office. Because of our retarded economic development, there is always poverty, unemployment, a flood of office-seekers that must be engaged. As likely as not the treasury is depleted. Loans must be negotiated, in the United States, of course, it being nearer than any other money market. The president will hypothecate the resources of the country to any foreign investors, for these Latin-American dictators, unlike the European, are not nationalistic, but individualistic primarily. The weaker his government is, the more unpopular he becomes, the more anxious he will be to get support from abroad. He will bid eagerly for the friendship of the American people—he means the backing of the State Department of the United States and the financial support of the bankers. But the people in general dislike the United States, and as he strengthens his position abroad he alienates the masses at home.

As time wears on, the president's rule becomes unbearable. His stupidity and his vanity assert themselves. He brooks no critics. Detractors are exiled or imprisoned despite all the guarantees of the constitution. The principle of the Roman absolutists, unchecked by organized institutional life, gradually develops: the pleasure of the emperor is the law. Education, far from being encouraged, is stifled by a narrow personal philosophy or rather by the absence of one and by the cult of the emperor. Caesar's vainglorousness prevents him from resigning. Moreover, it is a case of holding the wolf by the ears for Caesar has created a relativistic planetary system with himself as the sun. If this becomes extinct, eternal night will set upon his universe. That which is Caesar's—his enormous wealth, his farms, his pomp—will be rendered unto the people or unto God.

Discontent grows. Caesar's minions have hoarded the wealth of the poor nation and are living in pagan luxury and irresponsibility while the people starve. As unrest becomes articulate, repression begins. He who is not with me is against me. The jails become crowded, tyranny is revived, all constitutional guarantees to the contrary notwithstanding. As the wheels of government function with increasing friction, they must be greased more and more with the proper lubricant—"palm oil," as General Diaz called it in Mexico. The source of authority now is our philosophy of force and the economic dependence of the people, for the president-emperor, even if individualistic and sybaritic, is a Marxist at heart. Corruption acts and reacts upon discontent as they both grow in geometric proportion. Some investors perhaps have been discriminated against. Their competitors have been given special concessions and privileges, possibly because out of their generosity they have enriched the great empire-builder in office, or perhaps because the satrap-president thought that by pleasing them he could win over the friendship of the American people, as he puts it. At the beginning of his régime, investors flocked—attracted by the new era of prosperity about to dawn on the country—and sank fortunes in oil wells, mines and so forth; but investments made regardless of sociological conditions are gambles. Enormous outlays are now at stake. The favored investors would have the president continue indefinitely in office for the good of the country. The dissatisfied investors differ. They think a change is advisable for the good of the country and the better development of the national resources. A few of them may be found who will offer the right army man the necessary advance to finance a change, or else the outs will take the initiative; they float a loan privately in the United States—an actual case came to my notice in New York a few years ago—on the inducement of high usury with consequent poor security.

At last matters come to a head. The students stage a hostile demonstration despite all opposition. Regiments which were thought to be loyal have deflected through being too loyal: they are blindly obeying their officers. The body politic, a strange idol with feet of clay, body of marble and head of bronze, falls to the ground and great is the fall thereof. Our sense of directness and absolute justice, leaping over constitutional barriers, demands vengeance. Confiscations, imprisonments, exiles, executions follow swiftly. Yesterday's butcher is today's mutton led to the shambles. The new revolution has triumphed. The revolution as an institution has asserted itself. The cycle is completed and begun.

Such, briefly, are our revolutions. The English word used to describe them is a misnomer evidencing the failure of the American mind to understand Latin America. The Spanish counterpart, *revolución,* on the other hand, points accusingly to our lack of political education. Strictly speaking, a revolution connotes a prior intellectual preparation, an ideological ferment working through the minds of the masses until it reaches the top and brings about a radical change in the social and political structure. Spanish-American revolutions contain none of these elements; they are revolts, or better still, violent elections on purely personal issues, although, of course, the issue of political corruption is always involved.

In the case of Argentina, let me state in fairness, the revolution, to judge from the press dispatches, was an exception for it was a reaction against reaction, a retrogression to progress. The population of Argentina, more enlightened than that of most of Spanish America, being almost exclusively European, protested against the retrogression to autocratic per-

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sonal rule under Irigoyen and went into the revolution on the issue: that institutional government may not perish in Argentina.

There is another Spanish-American revolution that is the exception too, par excellence, being the essence of a paradox. It is the Mexican revolution, which, although very much like the general rule in the beginning, thanks to the vacillating policy of the Wilson administration, through a series of revolts and counter-revolts evolved into a revolution in earnest.

The absence of revolution in Latin America, like the saloons of Edinburgh, is either a hopeful or an alarming sign. It means that European immigration has at last swamped the Indian, thus settling the racial and agrarian problems at the same time, or else that outside influences—international pressure, gambler-investors—are stifling what under the circumstances is normal growth.

What attitude shall the American people take toward our revolutions? The State Department should seek guidance from Gilbert and Sullivan:

> The House of Lords throughout the war
> Did nothing in particular
> And did it very well.

Recognize each successful revolt. A hands-off policy is clearly indicated. The alternative, enlightened interference by the State Department, would be a contradiction in terms. It is only by allowing Spanish-American revolutions to evolve unhampered that they may develop into something even better than a Chicago election for, rather than a vicious circle, they are a vicious spiral.

# TALES OF A LITERARY AGENCY, II.

By THOMAS BURKE

NOR was there a dearth of poets in our offices. Edward Thomas was a frequent caller, and his entry into the office was to me the entry of some rare presence. His appearance was austere and intellectual—in the pure sense of that now clotted word. He was beautiful to look at, and his voice was beautiful to hear. I often thought that if Christ were to take form in the modern world he would have something of the appearance of Edward Thomas. Like so many other writers, he came into his own after his death, when those who might have helped and comforted him in life (I know how often the serious weeklies and monthlies sent back his essays, when the few guineas that went with their acceptance would have meant so much to him) rushed forward with solemn "appreciations." All his life he was poor. Had he survived the war, he might, like his literary brother, W. H. Hudson, who also spent the greater part of his life in the cold, have been carried by his friends to his rightful position. But you have to be seventy-five or eighty before they do that for you.

When I was at the agency, and when I was twenty, I gave my vanity a birthday present by having a thin volume of somewhat thin poems printed—twenty-five copies; and, indulging vanity even more deeply, I sent copies to Edward Thomas, Walter de la Mare, Herbert Trench and some others. They sent the kindly letters one would expect them to send to a youthful beginner; but the letter from Thomas had, under its kindness, a note of reproof which was a lesson to me. I print it here because it is characteristic of his gentle melancholy, and because the reproof may serve as a lesson to other importunate authors:

> I only write criticism at the rate of (about) 25/—a thousand words, so anything I say to you can't be criticism. It was very kind of you to send me your book, but not to ask me for my opinion. Some of the poems I had seen before, and . . . and . . . I admired very much and still do. The metre is beautiful, and has never been hackneyed. You do not soil it at all. Some of the other poems have a feeling for the raw country edges of London which I can sympathize with. Nobody has yet used that feeling with any great success, an I hope you will do so some day. The pieces I like least are . . . and. . . . For all I know these may have cost you pains, but they are the sort of thing I should have thought anybody could write with ease, whereas you can write some things which nobody else perhaps could write with any amount of pains.
>
> Excuse this letter if you find it needs excuse. I am afraid I write so much about so many books that I often forget they also are God's creatures.

During those years at the agency I began to find acceptance in the more serious papers. My earliest verses appeared in the English Review, when Ford Hueffer (now Ford Madox Ford) first started it, and my first stories appeared in it when Austin Harrison was running it, with Norman Douglas as a kind of consultant. There were afternoon-tea meetings at the English Review office then, and they were interesting and amusing affairs. Austin Harrison and Norman Douglas, like the partners of our agency, were an opposite pair who made a piquant whole. Douglas was always good, whether he was writing or talking, or just smiling, and his comments on men whom the intellectual press was treating as gods were frequent and free. (Douglas was so far in advance of the intellectuals.) I wish I could reproduce some of those comments. I do not think the objects of them would mind—we know how un-self-conscious authors are—but Douglas might have delicate feelings on the matter. Anyway, whether I print them or not, I have seen to it that they are not utterly lost; they are too good to lose. I keep them alive by verbal circulation. Douglas has the most fully-charged and fully-active brain of any writer I have met. His scholarship alone

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Tom Walsh had the gift of incisive utterance. Once in speaking of a certain well-known writer with a very loose-jointed style, he remarked that it was a style without suspenders or garters and gave the impression that the man's clothes were drippling down over his shoe tops. On another occasion he was reviewing a book of poetry by a young lady who had some reputation as a religious poet and whose book consisted of a series of very fine devotional lyrics. Right in the midst of the collection, however, there was a sensational, ultrasexy poem in the well-known modern manner, upon which he made the comment that "to find such a poem in such a collection is like coming on a satyr's hoof-print in a convent garden."

Despite his apparent sophistication and his liking for what he called "charming rogues," Tom Walsh's chief admiration was reserved for spiritual and ascetic characters, and he took much pride in the fact that his family tree could boast of a canonized saint in the person of Saint Lawrence O'Farrell. Indeed, this last circumstance was the source of one of his mischevious pleasantries, when he would defend some one or other of his luxurious habits by insisting that it showed a positive sense of ingratitude of the treasury of merits laid up by the saints if there were not frequent withdrawals from the said treasury by easy-going livers like himself.

Of course, pietistic souls were grievously shocked —as he intended they should be—by such talk, and even more scandalized by his spicy stories of clerical japes and ecclesiastical rogueries, wherein, by rolling eyes and uplifted hands, more was implied than met the ear. Something of this appears in his narrative and dramatic poems, and if such outspokenness is a source of surprise to those holding naive notions of the supposed iron discipline and putative regimentation of Catholicism, it simply shows that they are not so familiar as they might be with the frank expression of such orthodox writers as Dante and Chaucer, Erasmus and Thomas More, who put forth their critical comments on churchmen when the Church was supreme.

Tom Walsh never made any secret of his profound admiration and reverence for the Catholic faith, but he did not go to the extreme of Charles Lamb who loved his friends "not in spite of their faults, but faults and all"; and he was too worldly wise to be astonished at the irregularities of the professedly religious. Realizing that a Church which began with one traitor and one denier among its original twelve would have its proportionate lapses in later ages, he knew that human nature is human nature, and this was the stuff in which, as a literary artist, he was primarily interested.

Such traits as these have a deeper significance than perhaps appears on the surface. The real point is that Tom Walsh was so thoroughly persuaded of the truth of his religion—or rather, he was so intimately and comfortably at home in the household of Faith—that he could afford to jest about it. He knew himself to be a member of an ancient and world-wide family, and his jokes were those charming and delightful affairs, family jokes.

Although Tom Walsh was a sophisticated man of the world, and so was thoroughly alive to social distinctions and conventions, in a certain sense he was the most unworldly of men. Not only was the acquisitive or possessive instinct not in him, so far as money or material possessions were concerned, but he was not drawn even by the intangible influences which will sometimes snare those of an idealistic or artistic bent. Literary log-rolling, that prevalent vice of writing cliques, and all the mean shifts and paltry expedients of writing people, were completely out of his orbit.

Almost as a corollary of this quality was his extreme generosity. It was practically a warrant of possession for one to express admiration for anything of his—whether some foreign curio or a rare first edition. And he was one of the very few established poets I have known who would risk his own standing with publishers to urge upon them the work of obscure or uninfluential writers.

In certain respects Tom Walsh afforded a curious parallelism with the great Dr. Johnson—in his physical proportions, his trenchant and ready wit, his kindness especially to juniors, his fondness for conviviality and companionship, his liking for late hours and corresponding dislike of getting up in the morning, his wide scholarship, "fit to grapple with whole libraries," his democracy, his liking for and excellence in talk. But the differences were just as marked, and his fastidiousness in dress, his fine manners, his cosmopolitan outlook, his aesthetic sense in the various arts, his lack of dogmatism and intolerance, raised definite distinctions between himself and the great cham of eighteenth-century literature. In fact, it might be truer to say that his quality of magnificence brought him closer to those gorgeous Italian humanists of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and he could well have taken the part of "a gentleman of the Renaissance."

Nevertheless, the parallel with Johnson will persist, and in nothing was it more exact than in his friendships. Like Johnson he had the wisdom to "keep his friendships in a constant state of repair" by association with younger men. The way he looked me up that winter night was entirely characteristic, and he literally had "troops of friends," most of them young and many of them strangers and foreigners to the country—Spaniards, Lithuanians, South Americans, Swedes, Norwegians, a large number of whom he was helping to get established in America. These constituted the crown of his social activities, at once his pride, his pleasure and his never-failing solace. In the most exact meaning of the word he had a positive "genius for friendship," so that even if he had never written a line, it would be difficult not to foresee for the consummate charm, noble courtesy and warm generosity that made up Tom Walsh the sort of immortality that becomes a legend—a legend of high friendship, that those who knew him would not willingly let die.

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# THOMAS WALSH: POET

By JOHN BUNKER

*Because of his long and close association with the late Thomas Walsh, Mr. Bunker was chosen by Mr. Walsh as his literary executive. He also is the editor of the forthcoming volume of selections from the various books of poetry published by Thomas Walsh in his lifetime. This volume will be published soon by the Dial Press. There are other works left in manuscript by Thomas Walsh, which it is hoped will be published later on. Interest in the work of one of the most distinguished of modern poets will be increased by the following article on him written by Mr. Bunker—The Editors.*

ABOUT nine o'clock one cold winter night during the war years—it must have been in January or in February of 1918—I was sitting in my room on the third floor front of a typical bleak New York boarding-house. Joyce Kilmer and many others of the younger writing-men of my acquaintance were either over in France or otherwise called away, so that at this particular time there was in the entire city of New York hardly a single person with whom I was on intimate terms. At any rate I was alone and deeply absorbed in a book when I became dimly conscious that someone was calling my name from the street. The idea was so preposterous that I dismissed it several times, but finally the noise became so insistent that I opened the window and looked down.

By the light of a street lamp I could see a figure standing at the curb and looking up at my windows, with a cane hooked over one arm, his hands cupped to his mouth, shouting my name above the din of Broadway traffic. I invited him up, and a few minutes later there walked into the room a stoutish man of distinguished aspect, with clipped moustache, black hair, large, intelligent brown eyes and a general air of prosperity and good living. Then I recalled having met him casually some eight months before in Kilmer's office in the New York Times Annex. His name was Thomas Walsh—and so began my friendship with one of the most charming and delightful of men.

Soon our meetings became frequent, and in the course of them certain facts about my new friend gradually emerged—that he had published several books of poetry, did a good deal of literary reviewing, lectured occasionally, and had sufficient income to live an independent, leisurely, bachelor life with his sisters and brothers in the old family home in Brooklyn. He had traveled widely and somewhat out of the beaten track—particularly in Spain, to whose people and history he had a veritable devotion.

Two elements in my friend's character quickly became evident—his preëminent social gifts and graces and his insistence on personal freedom. He was that unusual specimen in this day and country, a free spirit who had the courage to give exclusive devotion to his intellectual interests, irrespective of monetary, social, ambitional or other alien considerations. Such things as a definite job and regular working hours he absolutely rejected, although there were two notable occasions in his unfettered career when he consented to forego, with certain reservations, his customary freedom: when he joined the editorial staff of the Catholic Encyclopedia and, some years later, on the establishment of The Commonweal, when he became first assistant editor of that journal—a position he continued to hold till his sudden death, in October, 1928, when he was still in the prime of life.

His friendships were as strong as they were numerous and he was universally saluted as "Tom." To describe the special quality of Tom Walsh as a friend and companion many epithets come to mind: sophisticated, scholarly, cultured, charming, cosmopolitan; but the word that best sums him up is urbanity—he was very particularly a product of civilized centres: Paris and New York, London and Rome, Washington, Havana, Oslo, Seville, Stockholm, Madrid, Cairo, Constantinople and even less familiar capitals like Kovno and Bogotá. Not only alien cultures of the present day did he seem to absorb into himself, but also those of past ages and far-off civilizations—mediaeval France, Arabia, Morocco, Italy, Persia and, above and beyond all, Spain.

Various hints of Tom Walsh's multifarious learning would come out appositely from time to time in the course of conversation, but always naturally and unforcedly, as from one who bore his knowledge gracefully. He held degrees in law, philosophy and letters, had been distinguished by various American patriotic societies and had, moreover, an unusual array of extraterriotorial honors—awarded for his eminent services in the cause of Spanish culture. His translations of many Spanish and Spanish-American poets introduced them to their first North American audience. Curiously enough he was never able to explain the origin of his love for Spain. It was probably too close to him—too much a natural growth in his heart.

Though he was a scholar and a humanist, scholarship and humanism exert no general appeal. What anyone and everyone could see and feel in Tom Walsh was his extraordinary charm, since in social contacts he was that rare person, a man who was at ease, and who put others at ease, on any stratum. No matter how high or how low, how learned or how ignorant the person to whom he was talking, his manner, if not his matter, was always exactly the same—never did he condescend, never did he pretend to be anything but himself. Indeed, he was in the fullest meaning of the term a citizen of the world—gracious, keen, witty and full of a most disarming simplicity.

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lunch, with Shackleton as the guest of honor, by way of advance publicity for his book; and I still have a copy of the menu of that lunch. It was headed "Emergency Rations," and it consisted of eight courses. (They lunched like that twenty-one years ago.) Among the items were Bisque d'Écrevisses, Suprême de Penguins à la Hoosh, and Caille Royale à la Nimrod. There were five wines. I remember Shackleton's bored entry to the lunch. He had been home but four days, and during those four days he had been publicly lunched and dined and suppered until he must have been, and I know was, sick of the sight and smell of food. Four months back the mere thought of a kipper or a plate of tripe and onions had been a delicious torment; by the end of his first fortnight in England he was looking like a ripe old Pall Mall clubman, and furiously refusing any invitation that implied food. He came in one midday to see the chief, and I told him the chief was at lunch. He shuddered. I asked, "What's the matter?" He said, "For the Lord's sake, when you talk to me don't say lunch, or dinner, or supper. Unless you want your office to look like a Channel boat."

I have said that authors, as seen by their agents, are, in the majority, anything but agreeable people. I think most agents will confirm me. The most outstanding trait that the agent perceives is their ingratitude. An agent will work for months, even years—we often did—in establishing an author, and, once he is established, he either takes his business to another agent, who promises to do better for him, or thinks that he can manage it himself. He gives no consideration to the years of labor that the first agent has had in talking about his early work, and urging it upon publishers and editors, and he resents the agent's taking 10 percent upon work that can, as a result of his (the agent's) labors, be placed without trouble. He wants to see that 10 percent earned, and forgets that it was earned years ago when the agent was putting in months of unrewarded labor on that author's work. One of the many authors for whom we had for some time labored unfruitfully left us immediately our labors became fruitful, just because we took our legitimate commission on the moneys that our labors had earned for him.

His second book made a sensational success, and we received, all at once, cheques for his English serial rights, American serial rights, English book advance, American book advance and an option on his dramatic rights. The cheques totaled £4,000. We sent him the cheque, less our usual commission—£400. He arrived on our doorstep next morning before the office was open. When he went in to see the chief he was almost speechless. But he quickly found speech, and used it for half an hour, his principal keys being "unheard-of," "monstrous," "what have you done it for?" with a burden of "£400," "£400." The chief pointed out the many months that had been spent in introducing his work to publishers, and the fact that an agency had to live on luck—to make something on its successes to pay for its unrewarded work on failures. But he was in no state to listen; he was in that state which the nineteenth-century novelists called "dudgeon," and it is a very good word. I saw him go out, and dudgeon was just what he looked like.

He was typical of many. I saw a lot of dudgeon in that office. Some of them came crawling back, asking for forgiveness. Others handled their own affairs, and made a mess of them. Others—many others—ceased to have any value for any agent. The faithful were few, and it happens that all our faithful clients are today soundly established, not because virtue is its own reward, but because the serious worker in any walk of life is usually serious in observing his moral obligations. Our agency was a serious agency, and it expected that its clients would be equally serious; if they were not, if they became petty, the chief was quite willing to bid them good-day.

Among our clients were some mysterious, evanescent authors, who appeared among us, lived for a space, and then disappeared. Most of these were of no importance, and neither their coming nor their going had any significance. But some of them were men who were obviously born authors, and the sudden disappearance of these puzzled me. Perhaps they could not face the poverty of the early stages of authorship, and so turned, or by their responsibilities were compeled to turn, to more remunerative work. I do not know. But there were two men in whose case there was no question of poverty, since their books were successful and made their reputations. Yet both of these disappeared. Each of them wrote one very good, full and profound novel—so good and so clustered with ideas and thought, that they gave certain promise not only of a string of novels to come but of attaining by those novels the sealed success of a uniform edition. And then both stopped. Some readers may remember those novels: Fenella by Henry Longan Stuart, and The Shrine of Sebekh by a man whose real name I suppress because he chose to write under the name of Ignatius Phayre. I have heard nothing of either of them since. I wonder where they are now. And I wonder why such highly gifted men stopped, and why their example (deplorable in them) did not spread to fifty other of our authors.

## *Wanton*

"She was too beautiful!" he said. "Life should have understood
And let her play her savage games within a pristine wood,
Netting the butterflies that lift upon the long sunbeams,
Skimming water-wisps that make wee panic on the streams.
Instead, she came with flying looks and all our wisdom fled—
We could not guess the wantonness within that dawn-bright head.
She snared a young girl's fluttering wish and pinned it to a tree;
She sought the black pool of my mind where thoughts slid fearfully . . ."

MARION CANBY.

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is extraordinary, and when to that is added his control of style and his Voltairian wit, he seems to have more gifts than any one man should have. I think it is high time that our leading men of letters made a deputation to the Home Office to get an order compelling this ornament of English letters to return to us.

Austin Harrison belongs, I think, in the front rank of editors. He knew just what he wanted, and he knew how to get it from his contributors. He also knew what he did not want. I had always thought him a good editor, and one little event at that time convinced me. We had sent him, soon after the publication of The Widow in the Bye Street, two or three lyrics of Masefield's. Masefield's narrative poems had made not only Masefield but the English Review. He was so much in the air that a single verse of his was, as the phrase goes, anybody's money; and one would have thought that the review which had launched him, and had gained so much by launching him, would have been jealous of allowing any line of his to appear in any other periodical. But that was not Harrison's attitude: he allowed no considerations to interfere with his judgment. For some reason he did not like these lyrics, and—sent them back. That is editorship. Young authors, I know, imagine that the really established authors can sell everything they write. I learned from this, and from other experience at the agency, that it is not so. I could mention several cases where things written, without a commission, by really august names, were hawked about for a year before they were placed. Austin Harrison, I further remember, also was given the first offer of George Meredith's very last poems: a literary treasure that many editors were holding out hands for. Austin Harrison did not think they were very good Meredith, and back they came.

Through G. H. Perris the agency was brought into contact with a good deal of revolution and war-like pacifism. Prince Kropotkin came into this class. For him, surely the mildest-mannered man that ever tried to overturn a monarchy—our office-boy named him, not rudely but affectionately, Father Christmas—for him we handled Fields, Factories, and Workshops, The Conquest of Bread, and The Memoirs of a Revolutionist. He was a man of great charm, and you had to know him intimately before you perceived also the great power beneath the charm. At that time this revolutionary and exile, the centre of a movement that was working in secret places all over Europe, was living in a small villa, in a road of similar small villas, at Muswell Hill. The address seemed to fit him, as contrasts often do. I remember that his paper, Freedom, the reddest of all Communist papers at that time, was edited in a room over a green-grocer's shop in St. Pancras, and the combination of vegetables and philosophic anarchism made an agreable marriage. Revolutionaries, either by instinct or deliberation, always select a bourgeois setting for their activities. I knew many of them at that time, and they were all living in places like Muswell Hill, Dulwich and Eltham.

For instance, there was the case of Father Gapon. Men of my age will remember the abortive Russian revolution of 1905. They will also remember the strange, mystical creature who was its inspiration: Father Gapon. They will further remember that while many of the leaders of the revolution were captured and, after tortures that Lenin and Trotzky never even thought of, executed, Father Gapon escaped. They will also remember the frantic search made for him by both the secret police and the European press. For nearly three weeks the news agencies and newspaper correspondents of Europe tracked him and, individually, found him. He was in Cyprus. He had been seen at Nice. He was in Hamburg. He had been caught at Odessa, and secretly hanged. He was in an Atlantic tramp steamer, on his way to America. He was lurking in the slums of Warsaw. He was living in a cellar at Montparnasse. He had been seen in the alleys of Cracow. He was imprisoned in the fortress of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. He was in Siberia. In short, he was everywhere except where he was. This particular place was a small villa at—Tooting! All through this frantic, political, police and press search for him, he was living quietly incognito in the home of G. H. Perris, and any morning he might have been seen walking on Tooting Common.

We handled all Shackleton's literary work arising from his different polar expeditions. In my green youth I had imagined that men who adventured to the poles must be externally marked from other men, and I suffered a shock when one morning of 1909, soon after the return of the first expedition, a quiet, gently-moving, thick-set man, wearing a brown overcoat and a bowler hat, asked if Cazenove were in, and gave the name of Shackleton. I was expecting an heroic figure, in the literary sense of heroic, and, but for his sea-blue eyes, the man I saw might have passed as a male nurse. His colleagues, Marston and Wild—the only two I met—were also like that. After talking with them I had to revise my conception of the adventurer as a tough, bluff and hearty fellow. There are many commercial travelers much more tough, bluff and hearty than any of these men—at least to the eye. What they went through they never told, nor did Shackleton ever tell, nor Scott. For all they told you, they might have just returned from a bus ride to Dorking, and, but for their complexions, they looked the kind of men who had never done anything more desperate than that. They did talk, but they told you about the journey in the smiling tones that a man might use who had had to ride inside when he wanted to ride outside the bus.

William Heinemann published Shackleton's books. It was Heinemann's custom, on the occasion of the issue of a really important book, to give a luncheon party to a group of distinguished and "useful" guests. It is a custom that has since been copied by some authors themselves—not, I need hardly say, serious authors. On the return of the Nimrod, he gave a

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*Places and Persons*

# DISTRACTIONS OF A CHURCHGOER

By MARY ELIZABETH MAGENNIS

THERE is something perverse in man which becomes restless in the presence of the great and the solemn and seeks relief in the ridiculous or inconsequential when he is subjected to exaltation for any considerable length of time. In the midst of the sublimity of the commencement address, the graduate wonders whether he will catch the twelve or the one o'clock train to the boat. At a funeral one enjoys the flowers instead of meditating exclusively on the mystery of death or the qualities of the deceased. While in the throes of a drubbing from his violin teacher, the youth hopes he will have mashed potatoes for dinner.

Perhaps church is the commonest place for this perversity to function. It is distracting to be in a crowd of one's friends or even one's fellow-men, to see such diversity of face, height, costume, manner, to hear such endless variety of scuffling, stubbing of toes, bumping of kneelers, screeching of newly cleaned gloves, rustling of prayer-books, coughs and whispers. One decides that Sunday for that one hour of divine service should be devoted to contemplation of one's relation to the Infinite. Strong with resolution I march to one of the far front seats in church, hoping to see so few people before me that I shall not be too much deflected from my stern purpose of godliness. Last Sunday I was mesmerized by Mrs. Hall's waste-basket-like bonnet which I remember her wearing years back when I was a child. A "living-out-girl" (hired help in one of the rich folk's houses) with an unbelievably plain peasantlike face is wearing a deceitfully simple and smart ballibuntl that she never had the inspiration to select herself. Mr. Someone-Who-Is-Just-Like-Grandpa has little white hairs growing out of his ears. The old Irishwoman behind me mutters a sound like "Erie, Erie, Erie" continually, and the Italian lady a few seats ahead pants her prayers aloud in her native tongue. This will not do. Next Sunday I must go to the front pew. Otherwise the Infinite and I shall not jibe.

With a sense of righteousness I settle into row one, seat on the aisle. There is no one before me whose hat or black hair can enchant me. The priest and altar boys have not yet appeared. The organist starts to turn on the juice for the electric organ, and the lights blink. I keep watching to see if they ever return to their full strength, whether the blink is momentary—or whether actually the lights are less bright when the organ plays. Are not those lights new? Yes, there is a circle of lights with brass (or is it copper—or bronze) tassels hanging beneath each bulb? What fixture was there before, if this is new? It was an ugly thing like a brass plumbing pipe with thick half-frosted, half-clear bulbs which gave a dizzying light. But now back to meditation. What saint's day is it according to the Missal? Saint Richard, Papa's name. I wonder if he is happy in heaven. I wish I had a brother named Richard. Is Dick a nicer name than Richard? Are nicknames ever nicer than real names? This will not do.

Two altar boys emerge to light the candles. One has the look of a mischievous sprite. How long can he keep serious during the service? His Buster Brown collar gives him a spurious air of decorum, but the red bow tie, which sits at a forty-five degree angle instead of horizontally, doubtless has psychic significance. They start to light the candles. The lad on the right is getting them done faster. He has three lit; left has only two. But one of right's has gone out; it was only a flicker. Now they are tied. Now right has a perfect orgy of inaccuracy. He has to go back two or three times to each candle. Left has a steady poise that gets his lighting done expeditiously. He tries to help his unfortunate brother light his last six, but receives a scowl, and so waits with ill disguised impatience for him to be finished. Finally they retire.

How lovely the stained glass above the altar is in the spring sunlight. How nice that the church has been freshly decorated. That used to be a real source of distraction—to wonder how long it would be before some painting would be done, to count the places where there were water stains from the roof on the discolored plaster, soot marks from candles, faded-out bits of design. But lo! What a fascinating new design has been worked into the wall behind the altar! The space is divided by diagonal lines into diamond-shaped areas. In these diamonds crosses and fleur-de-lis alternate. Starting from east to west, the design consists of fleur-de-lis in the top row, crosses in the next, then fleur-de-lis again. But going from northwest to southwest, the crosses and fleur-de-lis alternate. How many of each are there in the horizontal space on each side of the central window? Seven and three-quarters. Too bad diamonds cannot come out even on a straight wall.

Here are the altar boys and the priest. I really must get down to the main business of church. I find the place in my prayer-book, marking it with a "holy" picture I have saved for twenty years. It depicts the Christ Child sitting upright on a sled, being pulled by four doves through deep snowdrifts, clad only in the flimsiest clothing. The impish looking altar boy has not dared to station himself on the bell-ringing side. The sober lad is gravely settling down there; you know he will be on the job at the moment of need, ringing three bells when three are required, and only one when that is correct. One altar boy has had his

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hair clipped too closely and it looks very stubbly. Another is outgrowing his cassock and shows several inches of bony ankle and shank beneath it. They are remarkably subdued and cherubic as a group, though.

The priest mounts the steps of the altar. How slowly he walks. He really should take a rest and not work so hard with the school plans. He should try to develop more love of outdoor relaxation instead of spending hours indoors reveling in the hard precision of his Latin grammars. How stout and yet how unhealthy he looks. Will his voice today be breathy and nervous, or full and sonorous and rested? Will he refer to the geography of Asia Minor—Cappadocia, Galilee, Medes and Persians—fascinating to him and to me I am sure because they are such enchanting sounds? How many times will he say "now" today? Will he refer to Russia? Will he end up as usual with a reference to our ultimate destiny on doomsday? Now he is reading the Gloria which I love. I can always pay attention to the joyous parts of the service. I follow this in my prayer-book in Latin. Freshman Latin has its uses. I understand this prayer pretty well.

Now the reading of the Gospel. The two chief altar boys seat themselves. One has banged his head on the pedestal where Saint Anthony stands. The less important juvenile altar boys snicker. It is a thought from Saint Paul for today. Lovely! Curious the poetic imagery and sonorous effect of biblical language. "The armor of God." I must remember to read more about Saint Paul. Mr. Russell swears by some new life of him that I must dip into. There is a "now"; now another; soon a third. Presently I have counted twelve. Why does the padre love to repeat that word so much? I wonder how often he pulls down his sleeves as he talks? More or less than he says "now"? Is this respectful to either the beloved padre or the Lord, to think such trivial thoughts? It is really a lovely idea he is expounding. I must look up the context of the verses he is speaking of; I always mean to read the Bible on Sunday. I will today for sure.

But oh! I can't. I told Mrs. Robinson I would walk with her and try to find a good path through the white birch forest. Well, I will have to squeeze in the Bible between dinner and the walk. And now the sermon is done. Before I can pray much, there is a lovely rendition of the Credo. Whose is it? What a detestable music memory I have. If only the wheezy alto would lose her breath a minute so I could hear the soprano unadulterated! She survives, alas, and ruins a good deal of the pleasure of the congregation in the music, I fear. The first thing I know it is time to leave.

Have I behaved better in church? I have not looked at my neighbors or chatted, even sotto voce, with them. I have not noticed the new styles on my old friends. I have not thought unkind thoughts of them or questioned how much they kept their minds on religion. I have been very observant of the reverend father's idiosyncracies. But unkindly? No! I love each one of them more because I know how inevitable they are. I would miss them if he were suddenly able to obliterate them all. I *have* weakly allowed myself to be amused by the altar boys. But they reminded me of cherubs, and are not cherubs spiritual and worthy subjects of meditation? And I did say the Gloria, resolve to read Saint Paul, and love the Credo. I am sure I have got some good from this performance; and I am resolved *not* to be distracted next Sunday.

# THE CHURCH IN JAPAN

By JOHANNES LAURES

IN A recent address to the Shanghai Young Men's Club, on the Reasons for the Progress of Japan, the Japanese Professor Inui attributed the marvelous development of his country chiefly to the eagerness of his countrymen to learn from other nations. According to him Japan was never too proud to learn from her sister nations. Japan enthusiastically took over the Chinese civilization during the middle ages and thus reached a high culture of her own. When she realized the superiority of western civilization it was her honest endeavor to choose from all nations what seemed best suited for her future development. As a result Japan has become a world power comparable in many respects to the great nations of the West, and this within the short period of sixty years.

It is to be regretted that Japan adopted the western civilization without the Christian religion. Had the whole of Europe been Catholic at the time when Japan opened her ports to foreigners, it would probably have been comparatively easy to win over the whole people to the religion of the Cross, but even so the case is not at all hopeless. Even today the Japanese are eager to learn from the West, and the Catholic Church can make good use of this Japanese docility for the spread of Catholicism. In other countries of the far East the foreigner is looked upon as a national enemy, but in Japan he is treated with great courtesy and considered an elder brother from whom one can learn many things.

The great success of Catholic high schools, above all girls' high schools, is due to a great extent to this attitude of the Japanese people. Japanese parents of the better classes are most eager to secure to their children a thorough training in western ideas and western manners, and they know very well that this can best be attained in schools conducted under western auspices. As a result, many children attend Catholic schools. Thus imbued with Catholic ideas and under

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the wholesome influence of their teachers, a fair number of them become Catholics. Hence the hope of the Catholic mission in Japan lies in the field of education, especially of middle-school education.

With regard to universities, the number of these institutions is perhaps comparatively too great, and the prospect of finding employment is the main factor in the choice of an alma mater. In this respect the imperial universities have a great advantage over private institutes, for they dispose of a great number of important positions. Hence it is but natural that every student tries to find entrance to one of these universities. If the Catholic University; founded in 1913, is to compete successfully with these institutes it must have not only a high standard of learning but also a powerful employment organization. The advantage it has in its foreign teachers is partly offset by the many facilities given to students of the imperial universities for studying abroad after they have finished their courses at home.

The conclusion then would be primarily to erect as many Catholic middle schools as possible in order to reach a large number of young people. If these schools have a high standard they possess an advantage over native institutions and will secure to their best students admission to the great national universities. This alone would be a great step forward.

Since women are not as yet generally admitted to universities their education is a comparatively simple affair. Parents of the well-to-do classes want to give their daughters a general education and above all a knowledge of foreign languages. In both respects Catholic schools can easily compete with rival institutions, and the schools taught by Catholic nuns are among the best girls' schools of the country. With little demand for advanced learning among women, girls' high schools are less numerous than boys' middle schools, and there is less competition in educating girls.

Competition is much greater in university education. Not only does the Catholic University have to compete with the imperial universities having at their disposal many influential positions, but there are also many private universities with considerable financial resources and a high standard of learning. In spite of its limited financial means, however, the recent development of the Catholic University shows that it can meet this keen competition. From its foundation until the end of the world war the number of students was growing slowly but constantly. In 1918 there came a standstill as a result of its inability to comply with the new government regulation. This required private universities to invest large sums in government securities and to deposit them with the government in order to secure an imperial charter with the right of giving degrees like the imperial universities. The great earthquake in 1923 which destroyed the building of the Catholic University made things worse. Although a temporary building was put up and courses were resumed shortly after, the lack of a charter made itself felt more and more, the number of students decreasing constantly. After enormous difficulties a sum of $300,000 was raised (to a great extent by loan) and an imperial charter was granted in the spring of 1928. As a result the number of students rose immediately to 150. The year 1929 brought an enrolment of more than 200. At the same time night courses and a summer school were established with 130 and 230 students respectively. The present year shows again a very large increase: the day students number over 300 and the night students 190; thus the total number amounts to more than 500.

All of these gratifying changes have been going on while the temporary university building made a poor showing in contrast to the palatial structures of the other twenty universities of the city. At present the plans for new buildings are ready and the subsidiary structures have actually been started, though the main building has been somewhat delayed on account of numberless formalities and government regulations. When the new structures are finished they will dominate all the buildings, in the very heart of the city. This will be an advertisement for the school and undoubtedly conditions will improve considerably.

The Catholic University has thus far only two departments: philosophy-literature and commerce. The prerequisite for every new department is an additional sum of $50,000 to be invested in government securities. Medicine and engineering, which have the best prospects for success call for enormous funds on account of the expensive equipment. The present economic conditions of the country are favorable to an expansion, because land, labor and material are cheap. An adjoining piece of land half the size of the present property could be bought for $250,000, whereas in normal times it would cost considerably more. Even the moderate sum of $250,000 needed for the present new structures is by no means secured. Hence the greatest and about the only difficulty for the development of the University is the financial problem. It seems that all great Catholic eiterprises must according to God's Providence struggle against odds of a very material nature. But the fact that thus far all difficulties and calamities have not prevented the Catholic University of Tokio from maintaining itself and even expanding considerably gives good hope for its harmonic and constant growth in the future.

The influence and progress of Catholicism in the far East in general and in Japan in particular will to a great extent depend upon the standing and development of the Catholic University in Tokio. If it can impress the Japanese people by its size and its standing, it will attract greater and greater numbers of young people and impart to them Christian ideas together with western learning. The Catholic Church should leave nothing undone to utilize Japanese eagerness for western learning for the spread of the one great knowledge that alone can lead men to perfect and lasting happiness, the holy Catholic religion.

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# THE VALE OF THE LIFFEY

By PADRAIC COLUM

THERE is nothing like a river to give dignity to a town—a river with fine bridges across it: men as they pass over bridges have a dignity that does not inhere in any of their other peregrinations and they are conscious of it, too; think of the way men and women cross bridges over the Seine. There are no such appearances in Dublin; here the river is nothing in comparison with the Seine or the Thames; there can be no fine bridges across the Liffey.

I walk along the river toward the park. There is no shipping except the steam-driven barges that are laden with barrels from the brewery. There are second-hand bookstalls. There are curiosity shops of the kind that seldom see a customer. The houses on each side of the unfull river are as listless as any I ever saw. Some day, I imagine, they will be demolished to leave space for boulevards leading to the park. Meanwhile, the most rousing sight on the way is that of the horses—Clydesdales—that draw the long brewery drays (but they are being displaced by motor trucks . Big men are with these big horses. They have polished the brasses of the harnesses as sailors polish the fittings of a ship. The brasses sparkle and shine as the immense horses go on, and, big and grave, the men look as if they belonged to a high caste of horse-teamers and barrel transporters. I come to a bridge at the railway depot: here up-to-date taxies wait near old-time jaunting cars on which jarveys sit and wait for the fare that seldom comes to them now. The Dublin jarvey's day is over, and well he knows it and bitterly he resents it.

I go through the park gate, and when I pass the gardens I am in an expanse of country that makes a park that is vast in comparison with Dublin's size—the Phoenix Park. I approach herds of deer. I see the Liffey looking like its natural self as it skirts this pastoral scene—a stream that should never have been asked to go through a city. Here is the Viceregal Lodge, and perhaps Her Excellency will ask us to tea. . . . In the entrance hall is the portrait of te viceroy wose design left Dublin so grandiose a park, Philip Dormer Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield, with his livid face and lively eyes. We stand on the lawn and look toward the misty Dublin hills along a line of statuesque Irish yews. The site is a delightful one.

In the old days when one went through this part of the park there were always strollers around who were ready to show one where the "Phoenix Park Murders" had been committed—the murder of a Chief Secretary for Ireland and his assistant by a terrorist gang. They were murdered by knives, and the crime really shocked the country. This crime was not long before my own time, but it had seemed to me legendary. . . . One day I found myself sharing a compartment in a train from New York to Washington with a rather noble-looking old gentleman. He took snuff and he read Hebrew—the Book of Job was the text he had in his hands. Although he was vigorous and very intelligent, he seemed a survival in some way—perhaps because he had been in service in some out-of-the-way island. Well, this old gentleman was the person who had procured the knives for the Phoenix Park murders. "They will have to be surgical knives," I told them, "long in the blade." Between Philadelphia and Baltimore he told me about the crime and how it had been prepared for, and between Baltimore and Washington he talked to me about Hebrew grammar and literature. He gave a speech that was oratorical, but also witty and sensible. We shared a bedroom in a Washington hotel and he stayed awake quite a long time giving out musty jokes about bedrooms and other men's wives. Then he said some prayers fervently and went to sleep. He spoke very finely, I remember, about some passages in the Book of Job before I got off the train the next day, and he said "God bless you" as we parted. I think of him now as I approach the scene of the murder. But I am very glad that no one now seems to have an interest in keeping the memory of it alive.

I come out of the park and walk along where the country goes into little green rises. I come on the river again. From its mouth to its source is a distance of only thirty-five miles, I believe. But the Liffey makes a loop (that is, if a loop can be made with a line that is all loops) and so manages to get into three counties—Wicklow, Kildare and Dublin. I come to a bridge. Beside the bridge is a public house, and outside is a man playing a tin whistle.

He showed me his instrument with great pride. He had bought it in Henry Street, Dublin, at the shop of Mr. Smith —tenpence was the price. Every night he said a prayer for Mr. Smith who had made so perfect an instrument. I looked at it and found that it had been made in Germany; if Mr. Smith of Henry Street was getting the benefit of the nightly prayer he was getting more than was his due. But I said nothing about this to the instrumentalist. He was so pleased with my patronage that he stepped outside the public house and played for my especial benefit. He played a double tin whistle, putting two instruments into his mouth. And he played a tune of his own composition. He knew someone who was an army bandmaster, he told me, and he had offered to record the tune. I thought it was stirring. The Birds that Left the Cage was the title he gave it.

And he came with me to the place I was bound for—"Sarsfield's Demesne" the local guide-book called it. Patrick Sarsfield, the last military leader of the Irish, could have had little connection with it although his family had owned the land. We went into the demesne that the Liffey flows by and came before the house. No gardens are before it, no peacocks display themselves in front of it; rough grass is before the house and steps go up to it.

It is an empty house but not a neglected one. The circerone had been a groom. He showed us a room in which the decorations were by Angelica Kauffmann. I thought her classical figures had a kind of serious charm. But the instrumentalist was dubious about them. The cicerone did not let himself be disturbed by head-shakings: he visualized, as it were, every objection, rode up to it and went right over and left it surmounted. He had the instrumentalist with him when he showed us the mantelpieces in the house. They were inlaid by an Italian who was in Dublin at the period—Bossi. "When he was dying, after making this piece, his son, wanting the secret from him, went to where he was lying. But the old man would not tell how work the like of this was done. 'There is only one God and one Bossi,' he said, and he died then, and the secret of putting colors and figures the like of these into the marble died with him." The instrumentalist was impressed with this tale of devotion to craftsmanship.

I liked the drawing-room that had powder closets in it. The gentlemen stalked into them, and, putting their heads through an opening, had a valet in an anteroom powder their wigs. Then they stepped out to the ladies, fingering a snuff-box, I daresay. Likely enough Lord Chesterfield would be present. His residence was near by. In this drawing-room his epigrams would surely be retailed—perhaps the one upon the lovely papist lady who attended his court wearing orange lilies instead of the white roses of her own cause:

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"Ah, pretty Tory, why this zest
To wear the Orange at your breast,
When that same beauteous breast discloses
The whiteness of the rebel roses!"

Chesterfield's idea of governing Ireland by epigram and public works was better than the ideas other viceroys had—of governing it by hunting, dancing and bribery.

We went down to the immense kitchen that the cicerone's family inhabited, and ate cakes and drank buttermilk. The Liffey is domestic here. We walked out of the kitchen, and walking along the river bank we turned up to the demesne. A friend of mine says that the favorite outdoor sport of the Irish people is walking through demesnes. The Dubliners who were here were getting real enjoyment out of walking through this demesne. Assuming that Patrick Sarsfield had been about the place on the days when he was not in camp or not being besieged, they felt his spirit close to them. Urns, the emblems of the Sarsfield family, were along every walk. But as I looked upon this classical emblem I thought of how wide was the gap that separated such leaders as Sarsfield from the Irish people. For all this was Versailles, the Europe of the seventeenth century, and the Ireland of the time was in the Europe of the Gothic age. From what distance comes the burst of native lament:

"Farewell, Patrick Sarsfield, may luck be on your path!
Your camp is broken up, your work is marred for years;
But you go to kindle into flame the king of France his wrath,
Though you leave sick Eire in tears—Och, ochone!"

I parted from my friend here; I went along the river bank into the county Kildare. I came to another mansion, empty, too, a house that was surely the replica of a French house—a charming house. Here that "ripe-witted young gentlewoman," Esther Vanhomrigh, lived for years after she had followed Doctor Swift to Ireland. She had a pleasant place, not so far from Dublin but that Swift could ride to it. How dreary it must have been for her to look along the Dublin road while she waited for a letter from Cadenus, a letter which, when it came, recommended Vanessa to take exercise and devote more time to her reading, or made covert allusion to coffee-drinking intimacies. "The sweetest ground in Ireland is here," says a man who has cattle grazing between the house and the river, "not a beast that ever tasted a bit of the grass here but would stray back to it." I am glad that Vanessa's place keeps such attraction.

## *Heliodore*

O lucid sapphire of the Autumn noon
Clear as those jewels from which heavenly walls
Are built, from thee an azure shining falls,
Tinging the Earth with blueness and a tune,
Of far seraphic music till she seems
To float in waves of pure celestial light,
And lost in esctasy of sheer delight,
Swooning, she bathes in milken honeyed streams.

Now are the garden flowers most jubilant,
Attaining to the zenith of the year;
The bees hang on their lips as loath to part:
With starry golden eyes and opened heart,
The sunflower trembles like Love's hierophant,
Who feels the kisses of his God draw near.

WILFRED CHILDE.

# COMMUNICATIONS

## MESSRS. HOOPER AND WINCHELL

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

TO the Editor—I write to thank you for the favorable notice you gave me in The Commonweal of September 24, in the column, Week by Week.

I wrote to Mr. Marlen Pew, editor of Editor and Publisher, after he had published a piece about me on his page, Shop Talk at Thirty. I expressed my appreciation of his piece, but I did not thank him for it, as I thank you. For he simply gave me what was my due—mention of one who for many years has written to improve the state of the American people, but who has received no material rewards, and but scant recognition for his work. But I thank you because you have given me credit for what I feel is not my due—a pure and disinterested zeal. Mr. Pew's piece about me was calculated simply to bring me into public notice. But your piece was calculated to bring me into the favorable notice of godly and upright people—and I crave the favor of such people rather than the favor of the world. As the Holy Scriptures declare: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." Your piece is calculated to give me this "good name" and "loving favor," and that is why I thank you for it.

Mr. Pew mentioned the good grade of copy-paper I use. Whether he mentioned this circumstance in the way of innuendo, to hint that I am not a poor man, I do not know. As a matter of fact, I am a poor man. It would surprise Mr. Pew if he knew what a large percentage of my total income is spent upon postage and stationery. Naturally, I cannot write on scraps of paper when I write to my more honorable correspondents, so I use a good grade of letter-head paper for such correspondence, though I can ill afford to buy such paper. My poverty is such that I cannot afford to get three full meals a day.

Just before I received the copy of The Commonweal from you containing your piece about me, I had replied to a letter I had received from an English bishop, and sent him two stanzas about Saint Francis that I had written. Before I read your piece I resolved to send you the same stanzas in acknowledgment of your favor. On reading your piece, I saw that by a curious coincidence you actually mentioned in it a "new Franciscanism of the spirit." I enclose the stanzas, and hope you will like them.

CHARLES HOOPER.

## WHAT THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR

Petersborough, Canada.

TO the Editor:—The most interesting thing in the world at present is not the crude discussions of the curious forms of force such as navies, armies, prohibitions, etc., but the doubt rising in the minds of the thinking people of today regarding the basis of thought, that is to say, the authority or reason upon which our thoughts are founded.

We must assume at once that social judgment is not a thing to be set aside. The very discussion or denial of it assumes private judgment. It is our private judgment or reasonableness and capacity for making a decision that is appealed to, and necessarily so. If we are to be consulted at all it must be in order that we may think the matter over and thus give out opinions. If our private judgment prompts us to say that quite evidently we must do as we are told by somebody else, that is

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Catholicism. If we find that our private judgment tells us that we know as much about "it" as "they" do, then we shall no doubt govern ourselves accordingly, but it is upon the basis of private judgment that all depends. Hence there can be no good in flouting it.

Moreover, private judgement must depend upon our sincerity—for it cannot depend upon our knowledge. There's the rub. If it is not a matter of doing exactly the right thing, but merely a matter of wishing to do it, then what is known as "private judgment" comes at once into count. It takes its rightful position as the right of every man. But if it is, as in the case of a natural fact or a natural law, a question of being exactly right, or otherwise of being wrong and therefore valueless or worse, the question becomes a difficult one.

Is the question in religion one of being exactly right or merely one of motive and intention? If the various bodies now directing their fire upon these matters will establish this fact, they will enable us to proceed, and themselves to proceed, with some hope of arriving at a proper starting point for the discussion at any rate.

There is, I think, no doubt that a system or way of logical thinking is what we most need, notwithstanding Aristotle, Aquinas, Descartes and Neill. There is an immense amount of futility in our thoughts and acts which is induced by our utter inability to talk according to the rules of strict reason and common sense.

J. H. Barnham.

## TEACHING SOCIAL SCIENCE

Wilmington, Del.

TO the Editor:—To John A. Luby's short but provocative letter in The Commonweal for September 24, the writer desires to add a note of assent.

Our students must be aroused from their mental siesta. They must be required to do a minimum of head work. The ultra-practical obsession must give place to the liberal and cultural influences.

The Meiklejohn movement to revise the academic curriculum so that students may have two years to demonstrate their ability to absorb what the curriculum offers is still an experiment. However, the demand for "attitudes" rather than credits would seem to indicate that something besides "grades" will be demanded of undergraduates.

We have been encouraging the academic loafer by accepting a passing grade as a measure of intellectual acumen. Verily, it is time that the high cost of education be made to deliver some adequate returns in the form of intellectual and moral development. The faculty faces the duty of creating an interest in learning by setting some definite standard upon which degrees can be earned, rather than conferred.

But there is another side to this picture: the students' viewpoint. A few quotations from the student organ of a large western university will explain my meaning. "There must be something radically wrong with a system of education which finds it necessary to drop 600 freshmen in the middle of the year . . . [Is it] lack of ascetic appreciation on the part of the faculty? . . . What about maladjustment between teacher and student? . . . Why not write upon every classroom door 'Freedom of thought and expression here'? . . . Why should a course in English be merely a course in snytax and sentence structure? . . . It is amazing how cultural teaching will broaden one's viewpoint . . . Why disregard the finer points of poetry and prose to torture the mind with terms of syntax? . . . Why not prepare us to fit into God's plan of living a cultural Catholic life?" In conclusion I ask: Should the students' aspect, as expressed in these fragments of thought, receive some consideration?

How can we "sell" education if there is no demand for the substitute we are offering?

Sister M. Agatha, O.S.U.

## NEGRO ARTISTS AND NEGRO THINKERS

Columbus, Ohio.

TO the Editor:—The Nation has forwarded to me a copy of The Commonweal of October 1. I thank you for the magazine and for the very kind and generous comment given by you to an article of mine recently appearing in the Nation. I am happy also to find that you agree with me at least in part.

May I undertake to make clear the part of the article with which you do not agree, namely, "that the Negro thinker and leader of opinion is restricted in a corresponding and positive way"? It is, of course, not a fact that Negroes are so restricted—that is, not an established fact. But the point is that Negroes believe themselves to be so restricted. Whether that belief has a basis in fact cannot be easily determined. Certainly there is a widespread feeling among them that thought and opinion about Negro life is all that can find its way to the editor's desk. That is the reason Negroes ask why is it that the type of article I mentioned never comes from the pen of a black man.

I agree with you that Negroes are engrossed by their own immediate problems of finding some livable adjustment amid hostile surroundings. I would go so far as to say that they are too much so occupied. But they do think of something else also, and occasionally they generate ideas of general interest.

I thank you again for your criticism. I really enjoyed it.

G. A. Steward.

## VALUES IN LITERATURE

Bourbonnais, Ill.

TO the Editor:—In the September 3 issue of The Commonweal there is a short communication by Helen E. Price on the soaring value of Louise Imogen Guiney's books. I am also interested in collecting her first editions, but that is not the point in my letter.

I would like to say that there is grim irony in the fact that Louise Imogen Guiney's works are fetching such prices now, whilst when she was alive there was scarcely a sale for any of her writings, and what is more, scarcely a mention of her in any of our Catholic papers or magazines. So much so, that when I once ran across her name in some paper and told her of it, she wrote: "It looks strange to anchoritical me to see my name in a paper nowadays."

In one of the last letters included in her published correspondence, we read of her dire financial distress. But back in 1912, when I knew her so well at Oxford, I saw her myself with a few books under her arm trying to sell them for a few pennies. And all my insistence that she accept my rather full purse at the time, met only this answer: "Bless your heart, Patercule, no!"

What irks me is that she did not spare herself to those who came to her for literary help at Longwall Cottage or wrote for aid, and yet they and her friends in the United States did not help her. I know it would have been difficult to do so, for Miss Guiney would not ask for anything; besides, her

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friends may not have known; and yet I believe something could have and should have been done.

Even now, when we hear that she has written "authentic verse" and unsurpassed English, interest in her works seems limited to first editions. Surely our colleges and universities in their English classes could help keep her name from oblivion. Papers could be set, and reading required in Louise Imogen Guiney's Prose and Poetry. An edition for school use could easily be made of selections of her work for constant use in our lecture rooms. Our Catholic papers, too, could do much.

Discover her to the Catholic youth, at least, of the land, and save her glorious name in Catholic letters!

REV. R. E. MUNSCH, C.S.V.

## PLACES AND PERSONS

San Francisco, Calif.

TO the Editor:—I heartily agree with a recent correspondent to The Commonweal on the excellence and charm of the articles appearing under the feature, Places and Persons. Another of your correspondents justly complains of deficiencies in the Catholic participation in and presentation of literature. In his essay on Shelley, Francis Thompson wrote: "The Church . . . during the last two centuries has relinquished to aliens the chief glories of poetry. . . . The separation has been ill for poetry; it has not been well for religion." Whether his remarks need be modified much when applied to our time is hardly debatable.

A suggestion:—I would like to see a feature, run either alternately with Places and Persons or separately, with some such heading as Studies in the Past, which will offer essays on the literature and art, persons, places and periods, attitudes and developments of the past. Prominence might be given to the Catholic interpretation of and contribution toward literature.

The Commonweal's unique standing among periodicals would overrule any objection that such a feature is not strictly journalistic. And as for space limitation—brevity is a neglected and refreshing virtue in writing.

JOSEPH HOLEY.

## OBERAMMERGAU

Akron, Ohio.

TO the Editor:—Please request Dr. James J. Walsh, your genial polyhistor, to revise his geography of Mitteleuropa. The "beautiful Tyrolese Alps" in the first sentence of his article on Oberammergau in the August 20 issue of The Commonweal is correctly used. But "a little Tyrolese village," "with the Tyrolese mountains" and "the little Tyrolese town" are very incorrect indeed. "Bavarian" he should have said.

REV. FRANZ J. FEINLER.

## PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Being a reader of The Commonweal, I have read with interest letters in your Communications columns, and would like to see the following therein:

I have in my possession a thirty-four page booklet written by and for Protestants in 1889 and published in England. It is entitled, Is It Right To Pray for the Dead? It is a very interesting booklet with arguments favoring prayer for the departed.

I wish to get in touch with parties who are interested in prayers for the dead and would like to join with me in the publishing and distributing of this booklet.

ROMOLO SPENCER.

# THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

### *Stepdaughters of War*

THIS time, it is Kenyon Nicholson who endeavors to mobilize the anti-war spirit by a play of long-drawn-out depression. Stepdaughters of War is an attempt to photograph directly the minds and morals and physical surroundings of the British girls of the war generation who served in the volunteer ambulance corps. In its attempt at effective realism—effective in the sense of creating a sufficient moral revolt against the futility of all the things sacrificed to war—it includes everything from the popular blasphemous phrases to abortion. It is rather different, however, from a few of its predecessors in that a patent sincerity underlies the use of all this material. I believe this sincerity was mistaken in the choice of material it prompted. The play is one-sided, twisted out of proportion by its stern determination to leave nothing unsaid or unillustrated. But in its very effort to show how completely the war could disintegrate the moral standards and judgment of the young, it fails to show just what it was that was broken.

To paraphrase a remark that former President Roosevelt once made of another man in public life, the play tells us that there was a great moral crisis, but forgets to tell us what the crisis was. We are shown very explicitly just what Kit Evans did during her term of service on the Flanders front. We know that her nerves sickened at the task of carrying mutilated men night after night. We know that just before her leave, one of her companions was killed in an air raid. We know that, full of the reaction from this horror, she met a lonely officer at Folkstone and gave herself to him, half in pity, half in blind despair of anything having a meaning beyond the immediate moment. We know that she arrived back in England for her leave, determined never to return to France, in spite of the horror of her mother and aunts and relatives, who, in their smug patriotism and committee work, could never for an instant conceive of the realities of Flanders. Her determination was finally broken only by the need of obtaining money to help her younger sister (also on leave) to avoid the consequences of bearing a child by an unknown father. Kit was obliged to turn to her aunt—with the promise that she herself would cease "slacking" and return to the front. Later, the younger sister is killed in an air raid, Kit's lover is wounded in such a way that he may never hope to have children, and the armistice finds Kit and the wounded Captain Hilder sadly viewing the married life ahead of them, when, as they say, they will be like living ghosts.

But who was the real Kit Evans under this fatalistic mask? It is quite obvious that we see her in crisis and moral turmoil. But the whole meaning of that crisis depends on the underlying character which we never see except through the distortion of the war period itself. One can judge the extent of a crisis only by its departure from some normal, bewilderment only by its contrast to clear vision. It is in just such cases that the skill of a fine dramatist is supposed to come into play. It is quite unnecessary to burden an audience with a long prologue, to attempt any direct picture of "before and after." But somewhere one should be able to discover revealing lines and situations, sharp as lightning on a night landscape—moments, perhaps, of an older and clearer perception, during which the true inner spirit shines brilliantly. Mr. Nicholson has failed to provide any such moments, either for his heroine or for the other characters among whom she moves and breathes. Moreover,

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one has the distinct feeling that, coming ten years after the events, the play fails to justify its melancholy conclusion. It ends on a question which, undoubtedly, thousands of young men and women asked themselves in the late fall of 1918. There may even have been millions, among all the war-torn nations, who felt that morally or physically they would live only as ghosts among the living. But the enormous corrective powers of nature, cleansing both mind and body, left in fact few such derelicts. If, as one is forced to suppose by the whole tone and temper of Mr. Nicholson's work, he is trying to state a somewhat universal problem, he is stating it in terms that are already known to be a false perspective.

In spite of all its unpleasant material and its inadequate approach to the real problems raised by war (among which none is greater than the inability of all peoples to see its real futility) Stepdaughters of War has, thanks to its earnest purpose, many strong and stirring moments. The production is staged by Chester Erskine, whose powers as a director are patent at every turn. The work of Warren William and of Katherine Alexander shows exceptional integrity. Miss Alexander knows the art of subtlety and understatement in conveying intense emotion, and her skill has seldom had better chance to reveal itself than in this sadly overstrained play. A large and carefully selected supporting cast gives able and conscientious assistance, with Olive Reeves-Smith meriting special distinction. Had Mr. Nicholson used better power of selection for his incidents, and not felt too closely bound by Helen Zenna Smith's novel, upon which the play is based, he might have produced a play of rare understanding. (At the Empire Theatre.)

### *Brown Buddies*

AT LAST we have a group of Negro performers giving a musical comedy so much cleaner and livelier than four-fifths of those presented through ordinary Broadway channels that it stands forth as a conspicuous delight.

This is said with but one reservation—that someone has still to discover a way of allowing the Negro on the modern stage to present something inherently and unmistakably drawn from his own genius. I am referring, of course, to the musical comedy or review form of entertainment, and not to the many distinguished plays of Negro life already produced, nor to Green Pastures. In many respects, Brown Buddies is merely a Negro reproduction of the standard type of musical comedy, including music and dancing routine. It improves upon the ordinary formula only in that curious speed and abandon which the Negro can throw into anything with music.

But after all, there is one reason for seeing Brown Buddies which has nothing to do with the show itself. That reason is the superlative artistry of Bill Robinson as a tap dancer. In case you have never seen him, do not miss this opportunity. His tap dancing is of the feather variety. He never stamps or clogs loudly. His feet just roll a merry rhythm with superb and gentle mastery. He has a trick of watching his feet as he dances, as if he were talking to them gently and coaxing them to do the impossible. When they obey him, as they always do, he beams with delight, and his low laughter is as contagious as the perfect rhythm of his toes. Even without music, he can bring across to you the quality of music.

The material of this wholly delightful show is negligible—using the background of colored troops in the war and a colored troup of Y. W. C. A. girls, who, needless to say, do dress a shade more picturesquely than that venerable war-relief organization would have sponsored! But again, Bill Robinson is all that really matters. (At the Liberty Theatre.)

# BOOKS

## India in Transition

*Reconstructing India, by Edward Thompson. New York: The Dial Press. $4.00.*

MR. THOMPSON in the present volume offers no new element of surprise. He employs his favorite psychoanalysis method to clear up the confusion of British minds regarding India and to set his country "right" before India and the world. Since writing The Other Side of the Medal, however, Mr. Thompson has progressed. He has read more widely and has penetrated more deeply into causes touching present discontent; his exposition of "the naked truth" of English misdeeds in India is less shocking and his resentment against American sympathizers with India is more discreetly veiled. His "confessions," however, still lack the essential element for forgiveness—sincere contrition. It is a balancing of facts here and of facts there: a taking comfort in the thought of what nations, other than Great Britain, might have done under similar circumstances. Thus, in speaking of "violent nationalism coming to Bengal," he calls up the idea of a "reign of terror Louis XIV might have set up," forgetting, when it is question of resentment in India that the whole point is, not the act of compulsion per se, but acts good or bad of an alien ruler trampling on national sensibilities. Mr. Thompson seems never to see the difference between the position of England in India and that of European rulers in their own lands.

No one will deny Mr. Thompson's desire to be just. At times it is so obvious as to border on the pathological. He tells us that he is "determined to keep sane over this Indian businesss." He indulges in wishes excusable only in a child. Thus he tells us he wishes Indians would "look back and laugh" over Jallienwalabagh and over Miss Mayo's book, whose "particularly maddening tone" he admits. He wishes Mr. Ghandi "had not let himself be carried away at this last Lahore Congress," had not joined the Khilaphat in 1920 and had not launched non-coöperation in 1921. Mr. Thompson says he could not wish any other act of Mr. Gandhi undone. He must approve therefore the civil disobedience campaign. He tells us the salt tax, "the result of Lord Reading's mediaeval action in certifying over the Legislative Assembly's refusal," has been "definitely smashed by Mr. Gandhi once for all." He says, further, in the future it will be "impossible to keep salt and opium as financial sources." Notwithstanding occasional admissions such as this, and some fine things said about the frail, ascetic, loin-cloth-clad man, Mr. Gandhi is so effectually "damned by faint praise" that his figure passes us by as insignificant on the political horizon of India. Speaking of him in prison, Mr. Thompson says casually: "If Mr. Gandhi ever thinks at all"—as though all this while India's "spinner" might be sitting with blank mind in the Yerwada jail!

After all the one serious criticism that can be made about the book is that it lacks unity of concept and that its separate statements can no more be made to hang together than the separate possessors of the viceregal dignity in India can be made into an imperial dynasty. Mr. Thompson says: "He is a poor man, the Viceroy of India today," and one almost hears the sob. This is quite natural for Mr. Thompson's essential viewpoint is that of an Englishman.

But what of "reconstruction"—the object for which the book has been written? According to our author, reconstruction means dominion status, the gift of the Round Table Conference. Here "the forces of order—the government and the

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princes—will meet the forces of hope and aspiration." Wonderful thought! From the jails of India are they to come? Apparently not. Mr. Thompson goes on: ". . . a securely established goal set forth after unhurried discussion and the most patriotic, self-forgetting work of all parties, will see India on her way to a peaceful future." How simple it all suddenly seems! But a few pages on we read: "If the Round Table Conference is to be another solemn exhibition of how officialdom can waste...time, Indians may well distrust it." So it is Mr. Thompson himself who gives the word explaining Mr. Gandhi's reluctant refusal to participate and his stand for independence. Mr. Gandhi's "thinking" may still prove as constructive as that of Mr. Thompson. This is what time will make manifest.

ELIZABETH S. KITE.

## Man in His World

*Human Biology and Racial Welfare, by various authors; edited by Edmund V. Cowdry. New York: Paul B. Hoeber, Incorporated. $6.00.*

TWENTY-EIGHT specialists in the various groups of science affecting man, have collaborated in the production of this large volume. The book endeavors to give the actual state of knowledge regarding man's past and present and even to give a forecast of his future condition. The editor tells us in the preface that the work is intended for two classes of readers: first, for students who are about to specialize in science; and secondly, for mature readers occupied in science and business and interested in the deeper truths of science.

The opening chapter, constituting Part I of the work, on Life in Space and Time, by H. N. Russell, is designed to give a proper perspective before considering man and his little world. Consideration of the ever-widening horizons of space and the lengthening stretch of time which physicists and astronomers revealed to the general public in book, press and radio during recent years, is here subordinated to the interesting problem as to when life originated and the possibility of its existence in other worlds. This absorbing chapter is a model of scientific exposition, in which estabilshed facts and legitimate interference are carefully distinguished from speculation.

But the following chapter on Evolution Traced Biochemically, by A. B. Macallum, a pioneer biochemist, is highly speculative. The author postulates a very simple form of primordial life, the "prototype." This primal organism was produced by a synthesis of many compounds, consisting of many amino-acid links, some of which approached the composition of proteins. "These syntheses would take place countless millions of millions of times until eventually there would be formed a protein complex endowed with the properties of an ultramicroscopic organism." We do not believe the author wishes to imply that in this simple fashion the origin of life is explained.

W. K. Gregory devotes a chapter to the Animal Ancestry of Man, a paper bearing the marks of previous controversies. While most anthropologists accept evolution, the view here presented is far from receiving general acceptance. It is to be regretted that the author did not give a more objective account and at least state the different views held by several outstanding comparative anatomists and anthropologists regarding man's position from a structural standpoint, in the order of Primates.

The Evolution of the Brain, by George H. Parker, is a very readable account of the structure and development of the brain of invertebrates and vertebrates, including man. In Mental Evolution in the Primates, R. M. Yerkes gives an analysis of his own findings and those of Kohler and others in their studies of the behavior of members of the Primate group. No evidence is brought forth of the higher psychic processes which are characteristic of man alone. W. M. Wheeler treats of Societal Evolution. When the author leaves the field of social animals and turns to societies of man, the analogies are admittedly very hypothetical. Aleš Hrdlička gives a very satisfying treatment of Human Races, based on first-hand knowledge of peoples throughout the world. His classification of races is now widely accepted and the reader will be grateful for this clear-cut presentation.

The following section, Part III, is devoted to man as a physiological unit. E. V. Cowdry treats of The Vital Units Called Cells. Alexis Carrell gives an illuminating article on The Relation of Cells to One Another, based largely on his own work on tissue culture. The paper by W. B. Cannon on The Integrative Action of the Vascular System is rather technical but well worth the extra attention its reading demands. It would be difficult to interpret the processes here described by this distingushed investigator otherwise than in a teleological way. Nervous Integrations in Man is written by J. F. Fulton and the well-known English neurologist, Sir Charles S. Sherrington, while The Integrations of the Sexes—Marriage, is by Clark Wissler.

Part IV deals with the effects of environment and is made up of chapters on: The Effect of Climate and Weather, by Ellsworth Huntington; The Reaction to Food, by E. V. McCollum; The Influence of Urban and Rural Environment, by H. Emerson and E. B. Phelps; Antisocial Behavior: Delinquency and Crime, by William Healy; Adjustment to Infectious Disease, by Hans Zinsser; What Medicine Has Done and Is Doing for the Race, by Sir Humphry Rolleston; The Relation of Science to Industry, by R. A. Millikan; and the Influence of Education, by John Dewey.

The final section, Part V, takes a glance at the future on the basis of facts now known. It contains chapters on: The Inheritance of Disease, by Paul A. Lewis; Some Aspects of the Biology of Human Populations, by Raymond Pearl; The Mingling of Races, by C. B. Davenport; The Purposive Improvement of the Human Race, by E. G. Conklin; and the rather journalese article, The Intentional Shaping of Human Opinion, by H. A. Overstreet, which ends the volume.

Such a comprehensive survey of the sciences relating to man, by specialists most of whom have a world-wide reputation, is obviously of great value. To the extent that some of the chapters are too speculative, their value will be less permanent. Were these same chapters written by other and equally distinguished men, the results might be quite different. Moreover, the somewhat overoptimistic strain in which the value of science is sometimes discussed might have been tempered with some acknowledgment of the problems its application has brought in its train, such as the maladjustment of labor due to scientific discoveries and inventions. Or again, the medical student, after reading What Medicine Has Done and is Doing for the Race, might be stimulated to more intensive study were he told on the authority of a physician of national repute, that on the average not more than 60 percent of medical cases are even diagnosed correctly.

Here and there throughout the volume, the reader will meet with statements and implications which he will be unable to accept. This is to be expected in a work of this kind. But if he reads with discrimination, he will find the work stimulating and a mine of valuable information.

CORNELIUS J. CONNOLLY.

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## Nightmare Visions

*The World in 2030, by the Earl of Birkenhead. New York: Brewer and Warren, Incorporated. $3.00.*

"THE results of scientific research control the wealth of nations and the belief of their peoples," says the first sentence in the late earl of Birkenhead's book about the future, and the last sentence declares: "As I look forward toward the world in which my great-grandchildren may live, and in which I hope they will distinguish themselves, I find a certain solace in reflecting that my own birthday occurred toward the latter end of the nineteenth century." Thus, plainly, he supposes scientific research is going to make things unpleasant. Certainly all the ideas between the author's first sentence and the last, bear out his supposition.

But there is little doubt he was tired of the world when he wrote this book. He seems unaware that science is anthropomorphic: all its premises, units of measure, detecting instruments and, ultimately, its definitions and applications, are human engendered. He confuses science with God. He seems to think of it as a body of absolutes outside of man's devising, which absolutes man is slowly discovering. As a matter of fact, science is a brilliant synthesis created by man's imagination, and far from arriving at absolutes, it is constantly changing. The jumble of contradictions in the earl's book is a *prima facie* case for this lack of any absolute quality in science. There is nothing stable about it, from the supposedly fundamental law of gravity to the idea that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

Further, the earl of Birkenhead seems to confuse science with mechanical engineering. His dream of the future is a mechanistic nightmare. This is a remarkably shallow assumption. There will undoubtedly be many men and women born who, with some regard for creature comfort, not to speak of decency and nobility, will exert a benign and humane influence on the life of their day. It may even be that we have seen the peak of the mechanistic age. The increasing suicide rates in most mechanized countries, and falling birth rate, might well be taken as signs of dissatisfaction with the noise, hurry, monotony and complications of this age. Possibly the next era may be a chemical, rather than mechanical one, and an undreamed of ease and quiet given the world. Who knows? We know only that we live in infinitude, and that history—in other words, change—has been continuous and full of surprises.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

## Germany and the East

*Oriental Memories of a German Diplomatist, by Friedrich Rosen. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $5.00.*

THERE is scarcely a profession about which opinion differs as much as about the diplomatist's. The comic opera paints him as the charmful lion of international society, adorning ballrooms and boudoirs with his seductive smile. A still more popular conception sees in him the treasurer of innumerable secrets, pulling the hidden wires of shadowy connections among the upper classes and in the underworld. The truth, in most cases, is less romantic, and hard-working austerity is often the rule among the members of the profession.

But there is still another type, and perhaps the most sympathetic one—the explorer-diplomat. He is really a scholar and, having specialized in a certain country or continent, he is employed more or less constantly at posts familiar to him. If

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there is not much work to do, he has plenty of time to devote himself entirely to his historical, ethnological or other studies, and when the casualties of a *virement* draw him from surroundings in which he has acquired intellectual citizenship, he emerges with a knowledge that might overthrow the conclusions of a learned professional traveler.

Mr. Rosen does not represent this type in its purest form. He has held some highly responsible positions in German foreign politics and was Foreign Minister of the Reich for some months, shortly before Stresemann brought historical fame to this office. But his present book, written in masterful and pleasing English, does not pretend to be more than a colorful account of his various travels during the last century through Palestine, Syria and Persia, where his knowledge of oriental languages and literature helped him to come into closer contact, than any of his colleagues, with the population.

Many people will enjoy this book. The experienced oriental traveler will be amazed by this picture of an Orient not yet industrialized and not yet exploited by tourists' agencies. The scientist who already knows Mr. Rosen by his more scholarly publications, and the educated everyday reader, will be happy to be carried by the book, for leisurely hours, into a charmful atmosphere bound to disappear very soon.

The story is not bare of political interest. Side-glances into the German political situation of 1890 furnish support to the theory that, despite all the merits of Bismarck, the kaiser was right in discharging a chancellor whose stubborn opposition to social reforms brought Germany near to riots and bloodshed. And if there is any political theory involved in Mr. Rosen's description of diplomatic life in the Orient, it is a call for closer coöperation between England and Germany. It may be that the cordial friendship between English and German diplomatists at this time was due only to a kind of racial solidarity in the midst of a different civilization, or to the fact that German interests before 1900 did not mean any real danger to Albion's power in the East. In its tendency to bring the nations back to their former understanding, the book fulfills a task of highest value in a world where the smell of explosives and poisonous gases has not quite evaporated.

ROBERT VON KELLER.

## A Literary Pilgrim

*Roadside Meetings, by Hamlin Garland. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.*

THE title of Mr. Garland's book, so pleasantly suggestive of vagabondage and chance encounters, stands in reality for the friends and acquaintances he has made during a long life of letters. He has set them down in order (all at least who were sufficiently distinguished to deserve notice) from Thomas Bailey Aldrich to George Bernard Shaw. His early book reviews for the Boston Transcript (which could not then afford to pay for them) appear to have been so gratifying to authors that they served as a first step to social intercourse. His own warm heart and friendly disposition did the rest.

It was William Dean Howells who gave Mr. Garland invaluable advice as a writer of fiction. "Stick to the East," said Byron, who knew the literary market, to Moore. "Stick to the West," said Mr. Howells to the author of Main-Traveled Roads. Both counsels were good, and both were conscientiously followed. Mr. Garland wrote carefully and well of the things he knew. He might have done better still if he could have occasionally forgotten that it was his mission in life to be a veritist. A close and conscious adherence to any

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**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,**

Of THE COMMONWEAL, published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1930, state of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John F. McCormick, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE COMMONWEAL and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Calvert Publishing Corp., Grand Central Terminal, New York City. Editor, Michael Williams, Grand Central Terminal, New York City. Managing Editor, George W. Shuster; Business Manager, John F. McCormick, Grand Central Terminal, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) The Calvert Associates, Inc., Grand Central Terminal, New York City. Michael Williams, President; John F. McCormick, Secretary.

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JOHN F. McCORMICK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of Sept., 1930.

(Seal) WILLIAM A. FINE,
(My commission expires March 30, 1932.)


school is a cramping thing. It fatigues the public, but it is a source of pride and pleasure to the practitioner who, after all, has the first right to be pleased.

The most interesting chapters in Roadside Meetings deal with the lesser lights of literature; with Stephen Crane, underrated while he lived, and absurdly overrated since; with that swaggering poseur, Joaquin Miller; and with the beloved figures of Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley, for both of whom Mr. Garland has a somewhat indiscriminate admiration. The best, indeed almost the only, story in the book is told of Eugene Field, who having been entrusted by his wife (who should have known better) with $80 to pay for a rug, came home in triumph, bearing a beautiful collection of lunar moths, which he had purchased as a bargain with the money.

In one instance only Mr. Garland's ready sympathy has led him somewhat astray. When he was a young man he wrote to Walt Whitman, addressing him deferentially as "revered friend." Having received an amiable answer to this letter, he went to see the poet in the autumn of 1888. Naturally the Camden ménage was a surprise to him, and he leaped to the unjustifiable conclusion that so much dirt and disorder stood for extreme penury. Forty-two years later, having apparently made no inquiries in the meantime, he repeats his sentiments of grief and indignation of the shameful neglect in which the writer of Leaves of Grass was permitted to live and die. "No one" he ventures to say, "has revealed that room as I saw it."

This is an error. The house in Camden was familiar to many, and has been often described. Whitman was undoubtedly poor, but he was not in need, and he was not neglected. The little group of Philadelphians who secured him an income left him free to spend it as he chose. They did not talk about their generosity, and they did not expect him to illustrate it. If he wanted to live messily, that was his affair. If he liked to have old newspapers billowing around his arm-chair, he was at liberty to indulge this singular taste. Some anxiety was felt from time to time lest a match, carelessly dropped, should set the room in flames; but Walt, who never met trouble halfway, laughed at his visitors' alarm.

Roadside Meetings is an urban and mannerly book. Mr. Garland writes pleasantly about the men whom he knew. As for the men whom he merely met—well, what can any of us say about men whom we have merely met? Not until the seven years are up, and we have been permitted to poke the fire, have we reached the mind and heart of a friend.

AGNES REPPLIER.

## The Victim of Liberty

*The Life of Madame Roland, by Madeleine Clemenceau-Jacquemaire; translated by Laurence Vail. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $4.00.*

MADAME ROLAND'S fame may be said to rest, in the popular mind, on that much-quoted speech from the scaffold, "Oh, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Mme. Clemenceau-Jacquemaire's biography takes the form of a eulogistic attempt to substantiate this heroine's other claims to greatness by a detailed résumé of her life. The success of this attempt is open to question, for Mme. Jacquemaire's handling of her material seems neither scholarly nor discerning and her almost unqualified admiration for the subject compromises her efforts of delineation of character.

The biography commences *in medias res* with a discussion of Madame Roland's marriage to the elderly inspector of manufactures, and thence pursues a tortuous backward path, clut-

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tered with names and events that often seem irrelevant, through the girlhood and education of the clever and ambitious young bourgeoise, Jeanne-Marie Phlipon, and her long and relentless pursuit of this mediocre but useful husband. The liberal quotations from her memoirs and letters, which form the nucleus of the book, fail, in their inordinate egoism, to enlist the reader's sympathies for this self-willed and overconfident young woman. In the account of her more important activities, when, later, with Roland as an instrument, she was attaining to that pinnacle of influence which she briefly held during the earlier part of the Revolution, one is forced to believe that this woman, earnest and courageous, no doubt, was more truly actuated by love of self and glory than any love or understanding of the republic and its needs.

Nevertheless, Madame Roland was a remarkable woman, and one could wish for a more critical and coherent synthesis of her spectacular life. Studied, not as a heroine, but as a personality, she might enlist our sympathies and understanding; as it is, however, one closes this long tale of her activities with the feeling that she herself, not least of the apostles of liberty, had offended in its name.

A. K. PARKER.

## Daughters of the Church

*Religious Orders of Women in the United States, by Elinor Tong Dehey. Hammond, Indiana: W. B. Conkey. $6.00.*

THIS revised edition of Mrs. Dehey's story of the religious orders of women in the United States is an imposing volume of some nine hundred pages which furnishes an excellent idea of the immense number of women in our country who have devoted themselves to the various duties undertaken by religious communities. A good many, who think they have a right to an opinion on the subject, are quite sure that monasticism is a thing of the past that went out at the end of the middle ages, though certain remnants may still linger on with some sparks of that living fire that characterized it in the older time. This volume demonstrates that very probably there are more members of religious communities at the present time in the world than there have ever been before. This does not mean in proportion to the population but in actual numbers. So far from monasticism being a thing of the past, it has never attracted so many enthusiastic souls to it as in our time.

After reading the account of the various religious communities of women and the lives of their foundresses, with the enormous growth of these communities in recent years, it becomes easy to understand what a supremely living force the Church exerts over the minds of its members. Literally thousands of young women in this country every year leave their homes and all that they hold dearest to devote themselves to the teaching of children and young women or to the care of the ailing in the hospitals. As a rule their parents are quite willing to see them go, because they know that they will find their happiness in this mode of life. The old-fashioned expression, "as happy as a nun," continues to be applicable to them. The pictures of many of their houses in Mrs. Dehey's book make it very clear that they are living in some of the most beautiful buildings amid the most beautiful scenes to be found anywhere in this country.

This volume is a contribution to sociology and to psychology as well as to history. "The devout female sex" of the olden time is exemplified very strikingly in our American republic in the twentieth century.

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## Briefer Mention

*Gentlemen All, by William Fitzgerald, Jr. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.*

DESPITE the irritation of many minor defects, Mr. William Fitzgerald, jr., has lifted his novel above the average by his brilliant portrayal of his hero, Colfax Pendleton. Here is tragedy, not melodramatic nor stark, but real and poignant. Colfax, heir to all the traditions of old Virginia, is caught between two periods. By instinct and ambition he seeks freedom from the idea of a landed gentry; by birth and training he is bound to a land whose people refuse to admit that even the Civil War had changed their customs. Personifying this type is the woman he marries. Ethel Taylor Pendleton, too, is finely wrought. She has the strength of the reed which bows before the winds but never breaks. In passivity and silence she achieves her end, wins for herself all that she wishes of life, realizes her ambitions for her three daughters and, taking all from her husband, remains aloof through the process of his disintegration. What Willa Cather achieved in the heroine of A Lost Lady, Mr. Fitzgerald achieves in Colfax Pendleton. But he does not begin to achieve Miss Cather's brilliance of style. His rhymed introduction is little short of silly, and he writes with a sugary and feminine touch. His subsidiary characters, too, come from the matrix employed by countless other writers who have taken the romantic old South for their theme. These are faults, however, which Mr. Fitzgerald should find it easy to outgrow. It will be interesting to see his next novel.

*The Sarcophagus of an Ancient Civilization, by George L. Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $7.50.*

DR. ROBINSON has partly written, partly edited, one of the most extraordinary volumes of archaeological speculation to have appeared in a long while. It is true that the theme—Petra and the desert country of the Edomites—has served many a writer well since Burckhardt first discovered these ruins of an ancient civilization. But our author, though permitting excursions into varied fields of interest, concerns himself primarily with the religious history of the region. This was populated by the children of Esau, and its history runs like a thread through all scriptural history. The book, which summarizes the studies of thirty years, is worth any scholar's while. There are many and useful illustrations.

## CONTRIBUTORS

E. R. PINEDA has been associated in an editorial capacity with publications dealing with Latin American affairs.

THOMAS BURKE is the author of Limehouse Nights, and other books

MARION CANBY is a contemporary American poet.

JOHN BUNKER is a contemporary American poet, author of Shining Fields and Dark Towers.

MARY ELIZABETH MAGENNIS is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

REV. JOHANNES LAURES, S.J., is professor of political economy in the Catholic University of Tokio.

PADRAIC COLUM, an Irish poet is the author of many books among which are Wild Earth; The Road Round Ireland; and Balloon.

WILFRED CHILDE is an English poet and a lecturer at Leeds University. His books include The Little City; and The Garland of Armor.

ELIZABETH S. KITE is the author of Beaumarchais and the War of American Independence.

REV. CORNELIUS J. CONNOLLY is professor of psychology in the Catholic University of America.

ROBERT VON KELLER is a representative of the University of Salzburg, now residing in this country.

AGNES REPPLIER, an American essayist, is the author of Books and Men; Points of View; Points of Friction; Under Dispute; and other books.

A. K. PARKER is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

JAMES J. WALSH, writer and lecturer, is the author of The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries; and other books.

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